

**INSIDE: TERROR ON THE TARMAC IN KARACHI**

# Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 15, 1986

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## The Hottest Team in the Race

**The Blue Jays'  
Chase for  
the Pennant**

**Right Fielder  
Jesse Lee Barfield**



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

## Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 25, 1986 VOL. 98 NO. 39

### COVER

#### The hottest team in the race

The Toronto Blue Jays, led by Lloyd Moseby and the rest of a power-hitting outfield, are staging a dramatic challenge to this year's pennant drive. In the most closely fought race in major-league baseball's four divisions, the Blue Jays are pursuing the Boston Red Sox in an attempt to retain their title as champions of the tough American League East. —Page 26



#### In defence of the North

Canadian military troops last week successfully completed Exercise Brave Lion—a \$50-million air- and sea-ops of forces and equipment to Norway. —Page 16



#### Movie masterpieces

Critics are hailing Quebec's film scene, particularly the stellar *The Decline of the American Empire*, which opened Toronto's Festival of Festivals last week. —Page 44



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#### Terror on the tarmac

For 12 hours last week four gunmen held 400 people hostage on a jumbo jet in Palcatan. By the end of the violent ordeal, 17 were dead—including one of the hijackers. —Page 14



#### Steely decisions at CN

It has long been the very symbol of nation building, but now Canadian National is embarking on a program of slashing rednecked thefts—and many jobs. —Page 22





## Makati's two-fisted chief

He is a reform-minded democrat and a crack shot with a .45-calibre automatic pistol. As the mayor of the suburban Manila municipality of Makati, Jojo Binay (left) Binay leads members of his security squads in mock gun battles with operators of car-theft rings and il-

legal gambling dens. But he also spends many more peaceful evenings meeting among diplomats in the affluent neighborhoods at the centre of town. Sometimes he uses his wealthy contacts to secure endorsements for municipal projects. Binay, appointed last spring by Philippine President Cora-

son Aquino, is one of a new breed of tough but honest local politicians in a nation traditionally retarded by corruption at the local level. The popular Binay, 43, defends his bark, frequently heavily armed, against on-law breakers and influence peddlers. Said the mayor: "You just have to show the bad elements you are prepared to stand and fight."

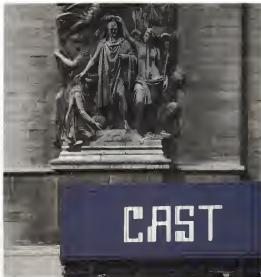
Although international attention has focused on Aquino's efforts to clean up national corruption left behind by the exiled Ferdinand Marcos, most experts say that reform is most badly needed at the local level. For years, municipalities had been run by local Marcos strongmen, who repaired roads and built schools while ignoring the presence of gambling dens and strip clubs in exchange for lucrative payoffs. Since coming to power, Aquino has fired the country's most important local officials and replaced them with handpicked reformers loyal to her. One of the most trusted and valued is Binay. He is so important to the Aquino government that when pro-Marcos forces attempted to overthrow her government in July, Aquino brought him to the presidential palace to help put down the rebellion.

The urban reformers are most apparent in Makati. The ostensible town encompasses two different worlds. Gleaming office towers stand at the centre, surrounded by heavily guarded, plush, two-story villas, homes to foreign diplomats and the nation's wealthy business class. Ringing the island of affluence is a vast shantytown where Makati's poor live in shacks made of plywood, cardboard and corrugated tin. Often, three or four families share one dwelling.

The stark contrast that volatile combination of rich and poor is an uncommon success story. Orphaned early in life, he was raised by lower-middle-class relatives on the edge of Makati's slums. He paid his way through law school at the University of the Philippines by selling newspapers and selling shoes in the streets of Manila. Binay is definitely proud of his origins, calling himself a pure-blooded "Indo," unlike the mixed Spanish-Philippine "Mestizos" who have traditionally formed the country's ruling class. Former fellow students remember him as a negotiator who frequently arbitrated his friends' disputes. Under the Marcos regime he became well-known as a human rights activist and was imprisoned after Marcos declared martial law in 1972. During recent elections he was again threatened with arrest by the Marcos government because he served as a close adviser to Aquino.

As mayor, Binay says that he wants to break down the barriers to city hall

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**The Coast Georgian Court**

that have alienated ordinary residents for decades. He frequently jogs through the streets to "see the condition of areas" before laying off as breakfast surveyor returns with his political observations. Then, he returns to the Municipal Hall to hold a "people's hour." Residents bring their complaints and requests, usually for police protection or funding for projects. Bray deals with less graceful undertakings as well. Those include keeping the public toilets clean. And the mayor "has one tell of the administration: how low down the toilets are."

The new style of politics contrasts vividly with that of his Marco-supported predecessor, Nemesis Yabot. The former executive died of a heart attack the day before Angelo took power. He had built a reputation for Makari as a town run on corruption. During last February's presidential election, Yabot's district leaders chased citizens screaming out of polling places. Surprisingly, Bray's best motto of Yabot's was an staff "I believe in the loyalty of the stomach," he said. "Most of those people were just told what to do." But he has pursued the most corrupt officials, including the city registrar and chief accountant.

But the damage left behind by the Yabot regime will be harder to repair. When he recently toured his school in an outlying neighborhood, Bray found overcrowded classrooms, broken school furniture, and a leaky roof. His aides said that the state of disrepair was a result of Yabot's practice of diverting municipal funds to his friends. And in a leaked memo nearby, Bray found valuable power tools and hardware supplies of little use to the school's pupils. "The old administration ordered this stuff from their friends," Bray said, adding that they "overcharged the city and pocketed the difference. Now it sits wasted and the system is broke."

Closely, drawing up Makari will not be as easy task. Lacking the resources for a immediate sweep of liquidating criminal activities, the new mayor says that for the time being he will have to tolerate strip shows run by military officers. But he says that his associates have told local contractors to stop offering Bray profits in exchange for building joint contracts. Bray acknowledges that governing a city is far more difficult than leading street demonstrations against the Marco government. But he added that he believes "has given me a sense of respect for the people's fight, for the justice that needs to be done."

—LIN KERNAN in Toledo

## COLUMN

# Blood on British hands

By Barbara Arnold

Last spring an important new book was published, written by the respected historian Nikolai Tolstoy. His book, *The Monster and the Massacre*, is concerned with one thesis that in the summer of 1940, former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan knowingly returned 70,000 men, women and children to imprisonment and death under Stalin and Tito, and that he did so in a willful contravention of international rules of war. Tolstoy agreed upon by the Allies. If Tolstoy's charges are true, Harold Macmillan would be one of the major war criminals of the Second World War.

Harold Macmillan's offense on these charges is one of the reasons for the silence of Tolstoy's book. When Tolstoy was researching an earlier book, *The Victims of Babi*, he wrote a note letter to major figures involved in the repatriation of two million Soviet citizens displaced in Central and Western Europe, as prescribed by the Yalta Agreement. Every person Tolstoy approached agreed to discuss the subject except one: Harold Macmillan. But in 1940 Macmillan was responsible for overseeing British government policy on issues such as displaced persons and prisoners of war. Macmillan's silence on matters that were a part of his job passed Tolstoy.

Perhaps even more disturbing than Macmillan's continued silence was the indifference of our society. The world was up in arms over the possibility that King Wilhelm II might have known of crimes against Jews in Waldborn's case, the documentation was fragmentary and the links tenuous. Even so, his protests of innocence and his defense of "following orders" for a immediate sweep of liquidating criminal activities, the new mayor says that for the time being he will have to tolerate strip shows run by military officers. But he says that his associates have told local contractors to stop offering Bray profits in exchange for building joint contracts. Bray acknowledges that governing a city is far more difficult than leading street demonstrations against the Marco government. But he added that he believes "has given me a sense of respect for the people's fight, for the justice that needs to be done."

Mr. Phillips was the 30-year-old editor at a Conservative party publication called *New Agenda* in a fit of jealousy. The two groups met only briefly. By the end of the war it was clear that Tito had been the civil war, and refo-

ward "Gality" emboldened across it. The wrath of the Conservative party at this in-house attack on the 90-year-old Macmillan was terrible to behold. It even interrupted the back-and-forth frolics of party chairman Norman Tebbit, who broke off his seaside vacation to take matters in hand. Phipps subsequently resigned. Mr. Tebbit apologized to Macmillan and the story disappeared. But the charges remained.

In 1945 the British army in Austria faced two groups of refugees who did not qualify for repatriation as Soviet citizens under the Yalta Agreement. First, there were 40,000 Czechs. All of them were anti-Communists who saw the Second World War as another chance to fight communism by joining the German army when it invaded the Soviet Union. Some of them were not Soviet citizens, but citizens of European countries to which they had fled earlier. Many were old allies of the

**For the Allies to send 70,000 East Europeans to slaughter makes a travesty of all for which our fathers died**

British, proudly wearing their British military decorations, having fought alongside them in the First World War, when Russia was briefly on route to parliamentary democracy and was ally of England. It was clear that even in the broadest interpretation of the Yalta Agreement, while Russians with foreign citizenship and years of perver exile from the Soviet Union could not be considered war criminals, the same was not true for the East Allied agreement to screen the Czechs was ignored by British officers citing Macmillan's instructions.

The second group that came to the British army in Austria for sanctuary was made up of hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavians who were fleeing Marshal Tito. Hitler's invasion of Yugoslavia ended the reign of King Peter II. With the royal family in exile, two groups inside Yugoslavia fought: Hitler—the old royalist supporters (the Chetniks) and the Communist partisans of Tito. The two groups met only briefly. By the end of the war it was clear that Tito had been the civil war, and refo-

gives afraid of his brutality fled to the British lines.

None of the Yugoslav refugees fell under the Yalta Agreement. Among them were the Chetniks, who had been saving British soldiers behind the German lines in Yugoslavia. There were also Yugoslavs who had happily put on a German uniform as collaborators with the Third Reich, but despised as they were could not be returned legally to Tito.

There were also young girls, grandmothers, parents with children in their arms and pregnant mothers. There were a people ravaged by war and political terror, with a pocket of belief in British decency and the ideals of the West, searching for sanctuary. But all of them were returned to Tito where they faced a bloodbath that, I think, has not been equalled for brutality in the modern world. Tens of thousands were slaughtered in a long, painful process. The unfortunate victims were strung together with wire and beaten, shot, sometimes buried alive, in a huge pit in the forest of Kozminski. It took take a man a week to die.

Why did the British army hand these people over when official government policy was not to return them to the East? The answer, according to Tolstoy's investigation, is that Harold Macmillan instructed the army that we still never knew until Macmillan chooses to speak or an investigation determines responsibility. There is no way that a conspiracy like myself can assess the evidence. All one can say is that there must be a very strong case against him. The notable lack of interest in pursuing it is likely caused by the fact that Macmillan is still very well liked and because East Europeans, unlike Jews, do not have a cohesive lobby. They are uncharismatic victims, people who are not particularly people with an obsession with finding Reds under every straw.

But the Second World War was one of the few wars that was fought for certain principles. Among those principles was the belief that it is wrong to massacre men, women and children. Among those principles was the belief in the Geneva Convention and Christian-Judeo ideals of right and wrong. For the Allies to turn around and hand over 70,000 people to slaughter before the war had even finished makes a mockery of the principles which we died. We owe the dead an investigation and the living the truth.



# Thunder out of the North

The fleets of fighter aircraft buzzed out of the brilliant, clear blue sky, shattering the tranquillity of the high Arctic. For six days last week the autumnal silence of rugged, snowcapped Jostedal Mountain in northern Norway, 400 km above the Arctic Circle, yielded to the cacophony of men and machines. Eastern Brave Lion, trailing Canada's largest movement of troops and supplies to Europe since the Second World War. Among Norwegians, the thinly populated Troms county is best known for its salmon fishing and its trails. But among the Norwegian P-16 and Canadian C-15 fighter jets that traversed the 66th parallel, Troms is a vital strategic line of Western defence, lying just four minutes' flying time from Soviet airspace.

Last week's operation was the first attempt by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) to determine whether the Canadian Air/War Transportable (CAWT) Brigade could live up to its 19-year-old commitment to support Norwegian defences in times of crisis. By week's end, as 3,500 Canadian troops prepared for joint exercises with Norwegian forces, military officials from both countries enthusiastically called the mission a success. Said Brig. Gen. James Gervais, of Noranda, Que., head of the CAWT Brigade: "The fact that we are doing this exercise is an indication that our commitment to Norway is no longer merely on paper. It's a reality."

Almost two years in planning, the \$20-million air- and sea-lift was Canada's most ambitious mission of the decade. A combination of military and civilian ships and planes successfully moved one-third of the nation's army to Norway within the 21-day limit imposed by NATO strategists. Among the 15,000 tons of equipment shipped across the Atlantic 27 helicopters, 1,300 vehicles and accessories ranging from knives and forks to radio cassette recorders—to ride on cassette recorders—to ride on the troops during waiting periods. Said Gervais: "Once we are here, we are an effective deterrent to any Soviet aggression."

Exercise Brave Lion formally began on Aug. 12 when Ottawa—in a simulated cabinet meeting—ordered the Brigade to Norway in response to a request from the Norwegian government and NATO. Within days merchant



ships began loading 2,421 pieces of equipment for transport to the natural deep-water port of Sarreua on the Rensselaer, 1,100 km north of Oslo, the Norwegian capital. By Aug. 28 the ships had arrived, after negotiating the fjords off Norway's western coast.

Over the next five days Brigade troops—most of whom are stationed at Valerius, Que.—were flown to the northern Norwegian airport at Bardufoss. In mid-September the Brigade will join Norwegian troops in Exercise Bar Frost—war games designed to give Canadian troops exposure to the rough northern terrain. Said Maj. Gen.

Ryoe Gerstahl, commander of Norwegian forces in the North. "It's crucial to have a chance to fight alongside one another on the terrain we would have to defend."

For Oslo, the CAWT commitment is a key component of Norway's defence policy. With a small population (four million), the country's armed forces have to rely on conscription of men between 19 and 44, who serve 12- to 16-month terms. Although 90 per cent of Norway's inhabitants live in the South, one-third of the country's 20,000 troops are stationed in the North, facing heavily armed Soviet

forces based in the Kola Peninsula. The two nations share a 196-km common border. And because northern Norway lies along the shortest flight path between the central Soviet Union and North America, the front is one of NATO's forward warning positions for long-range bombers on intercontinental ballistic missiles. Norwegian ports and airfields also control access to North Atlantic sea-lanes and would be needed to protect Western troops fleeing from Soviet submarines based at Murmansk.

Most military analysts regard northern Norway as a vital strategic asset, but they are sharply divided over whether Canada's CAWT commitment is an effective deterrent against possible

attacks on the Kola Peninsula. Harty, the CAWT's first formation in 1967. One former advisor to then-prime minister Lester Pearson told *Macleod's* that the CAWT commitment was symbolic—designed to deflect criticism from Ottawa's decision to reduce the number of troops stationed in Europe. But George Ignatieff, Canada's ambassador to NATO during the mid-1980s, said that Ottawa and Oslo had a common interest in protecting the North Atlantic. Ignatieff: "Canadian troops stood out by a mile as the best equipped to deal with northern defence."

Still, the time needed to ferry troops to Norway concerns many observers. Said one senior Canadian naval officer, now retired: "We would never get



Unloading Canadian Forces equipment in Norway (left and above): High profile

Soviet aggression. Because the Brigade has no amphibious capability to land troops under fire, Canadian forces would have to arrive in Norway before hostilities broke out. As a result, Western strategists are dependent on advance warnings of a Soviet buildup in the North. Based on that intelligence, NATO would then decide whether to aeromove Canadian reinforcements.

A political decision that could be too late. Said Maj. John Macdonald, of Stellarton, N.S., who supervised equipment unloading at Sarreua: "If the enemy is moving out of Murmansk, we see not coming. Because he will be here long before we will."

Indeed, the Brigade's viability has been debated at the highest levels of the Canadian mil-

itary establishment since its formation in 1967. One former advisor to then-prime minister Lester Pearson told *Macleod's* that the CAWT commitment was symbolic—designed to deflect criticism from Ottawa's decision to reduce the number of troops stationed in Europe. But George Ignatieff, Canada's ambassador to NATO during the mid-1980s, said that Ottawa and Oslo had a common interest in protecting the North Atlantic. Ignatieff: "Canadian troops stood out by a mile as the best equipped to deal with northern defence."

Still, the time needed to ferry troops to Norway concerns many observers. Said one senior Canadian naval officer, now retired: "We would never get there in time. The only saving grace is that young Canadian men would not die." One obvious solution is to pre-position equipment, so that troops could simply be airlifted to the front. Although Norway's defence policy prohibits the stationing of foreign troops on its soil, the nation's military planners have been pressing for an increase in pre-positioned equipment.

But Canadian forces say that the system would tie up badly needed matériel.

A more urgent issue is whether the CAWT commitment should be maintained at all. Canada's mobile role is 2.8 per cent of its gross domestic product on defence, the second-lowest allocation among the 16 NATO countries. And because Canada attempts to fill diverse tasks—pursuing a mission in the Middle East and a mobile role in central Europe—many officers contend that the forces are spread too thinly. The CAWT itself alone deployed 30 of Canada's 38 Hercules transport planes. Admitted Lt.-Col. Daniel Clarke of Barrie, Ont., who commanded one support battalion in Bardufoss: "The travelling road show is all smoke and mirrors. The truth is that the blanket is not big enough to fit the bed."

Logistical problems are just one area that defence planners will address in a long-delayed federal white paper on defence, planned by the Tories during the 1989 election campaign. Canada has not revised its defence policy since 1971, and most military observers say that the new white paper should determine whether CAWT becomes Canada's principal contribution to NATO—or is abandoned. Said Gervais: "We would get as much or more benefit out of our limited resources by coming to Norway than going anywhere else."

Other scheduled NATO exercises this month underline the strategic significance of the northern flank. While Canadian troops were unloading Brave Lion's equipment, 260 U.S. marines practised an amphibious landing on a picturesque beach at Agdenes, just 40 km north of Bardufoss. The U.S. operation emphasised the marines' only major allies: eight marines died when their helicopter crashed.

Despite the chaos imposed by military convoys which tied up local traffic last week, most residents near Bardufoss welcomed the exercises. The proximity of Soviet forces and conscription military service give defence issues a high profile in Norway. Said Hildebrandt Markely, a widow whose two sons served in the Norwegian air force: "We still remember the German occupation, and it is horrible to think of the Soviets coming here. It is necessary to have Canadians exercise in the area where they would have to help us." And Norwegian military officers said a Canadian withdrawal of its CAWT commitment would be a serious setback to the West. Lt.-Col. Fred Pennington of the Norwegian military: "The best way for Canadians to defend Canada is to defend northern Norway."

—BRUCE WALLACE in Bardufoss





Malruay with Bourassa at the premier's Government home, raising the subject.

## Plans for a new start

The party was lavish, but the 300 Quebec Conservatives who gathered in Montreuil's Mont-Hotel last week, to mark the second anniversary of Brian Malruay's electoral triumph, did not celebrate for long. The Prime Minister stayed only briefly at the reception, then hurried back to Ottawa to join his wife, Shila, and four children at a birthday celebration for their seven-year-old son, Nicolas. Before he left, however, Malruay delivered a partisan pep talk which reflected both the chastening experience of two years in power and his determination to recover from his sudden slump. Bud Malruay: "If we have had a few moments of difficulty in government, and we have, we will get over those."

Meanwhile, Conservative strategists were assembling a legislative agenda for the speech from the throne on Oct. 1—and working ways to bolster the party's sagging public image. As Tory ministers made political fences in Montreal last week, Malruay met with Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa. The subject: to launch formal negotiations to bring Quebec into the constitutional accord. A dossier is expected before Christmas. Then, the Prime Minister led a day-long cabinet meeting to discuss new initiatives—among them, plans to ease regional inequalities. But despite these efforts, political problems continued to plague the government. In Ottawa, Commons Speaker John Sweeney resigned—the victim of an apparent plot by Malruay's

office to force his removal (page 14).

The fall agenda will be built around trade, tax reform, federal-provincial harmony and, especially, regional inequality, a major component of the speech from the throne. A new paper mill will be set up in Malaise, Que. And there will be large-scale help for hand-picked grain farmers. Ottawa is also considering proposals to improve access to day care facilities and to increase employment opportunities for women. Complained one senior Conservative adviser: "The recovery has been so bloody uneven."

At the same time, Tory political strategists are tackling the government's image problems. Private party polls show that Malruay trails Liberal Leader John Turner and now chief Tory President in all categories of voter perception, including trustworthiness and competency. The Conservative answer is to emphasize cabinet teamwork and put Malruay into situations where he performs well, such as radio open-line shows. Strategists say that the appointment of Justice Minister Elton Camp as adviser to the Privy Council Office will help the government sort crises. But many Tories are still sorting. "The younger Conservative elite not believe the guide Malruay made in putting Camp on the public payroll," one senior consultant told Maclean's. "It is all everybody in this city is talking about."

—MURRY JARVIS and MICHAEL MACLENNAN in Ottawa and MICHAEL ROSE in Montreal

## Strikes from sea to sea

From Newfoundland to British Columbia, it was a week of rising labor unrest. In Thunder Bay, Ont., a shutdown of grain handling began after 39 months of futile negotiations. In St. John's, Nfld., striking public servants on picket lines struggled with police, removing demonstrators that began last March. And two other prominent disputes remained unsettled: a three-month walkout by Guinness Inc. meat packers in Edmonton and a seven-week strike by forestry workers in British Columbia. But the four disputes had one thing in common: hard bargaining on both sides of the negotiating tables.

In Thunder Bay, about half of Canada's annual grain exports are processed by six elevator operators. But after about 500 handlers struck the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool last week—seeking higher wages—the other five operators locked out another 1,900 workers, effectively blocking export of 35 million tons of grain. Many western farmers, facing sliding international grain prices after two years of drought, were dismayed. Said Neilville, Sask., farmer Michael Halyk: "A day out now might mean a nice hot, and Canada can't afford that."

In British Columbia, selective strikes by the 30,000-member International Woodworkers have cost the province's \$4-billion forest industry \$11 million a day since July. About 1,000 coastal workers have settled with their employers, but the remainder are still battling companies that insist on contracting out work to nonunion firms. In Alberta, the United Food and Commercial Workers, representing 1,800 Guinners employees, resumed negotiations—with company owner Peter Facklingham at the table for the first time. But by week's end, no progress had been reported.

The same spirit of gloom was evident in St. John's. Five months ago the Newfoundland Association of Public Employees staged a five-week illegal strike, demanding wage parity with other employees holding similar jobs. When negotiators collapsed last week over the same issue, about 5,000 public members resumed the strike. Police arrested 35 picketers for obstructing the Confederation Building in St. John's, while Treasury Board President Neil Winterman warned: "We will not negotiate with people involved in illegal activity." ☐



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# Silencing the Speaker

It started with criticism of his job performance. Parliament had become unruly and the daily Question Period had turned into a sophisticated free-for-all. Then, last spring, there were stories about his expense accounts—and his appetite for the good life. Finally, sabbathly abandoned, Conservative sources last week said that John Bosley, Speaker of the House of Commons, would soon accept a diplomatic assignment overseas. For Bosley, 59, the signals were unmistakable. The Mulroney government wanted him to step down. Late last week, in an abrupt end to his tumultuous two-year term, Bosley complied, submitting a terse three-sentence letter of resignation to House of Commons clerk C.B. Roemer.

But after Bosley and his wife, Nicole, climbed into a waiting limousine outside the private door to the Speaker's offices, aides distributed a two-page letter of explanation. "The House of Commons," Bosley wrote, "is in a spirit of our own making. Restoring the self-respect of Parliament requires both a fundamental change of attitude and a catalyst." Clearly, observers said later, Bosley believed his own departure would provide the catalyst. For Prime

Minister Brian Mulroney, Bosley's resignation from the \$110,000-a-year job complemented this season's sweeping attempt to improve the government's image. It may also have been a response to repeated complaints from Tory MPs who had been angered by the way Bosley handled the business of the House. Net opposition MPs immediately attacked the events as an unprecedented infringement of the traditional independence of the Speaker. And the swiftness of Bosley's exit raised the possibility that the government's attempts to make a fresh start will be overshadowed by another controversy.

Bosley, himself a Tory MP for seven years, had been a frequent target of attacks from his colleagues. Last summer, as anonymous prime ministerial aide disclosed—incriminating—that Bosley had demanded \$450,000 in renovations at Kingston, the Speaker's official residence, as well as a 200-per-cent increase in his entertainment budget. Then, last week, the government appeared to intensify its attempts to discredit Bosley. Interviewed Aug. 31 on CTV's Question Period, Deputy Prime Minister Don Mazankowski delivered a pointed attack on Bosley's handling of

parliamentary debate. Said Mazankowski: "Quite frankly, a lot of the questions that are put by the opposition probably should have been asked out of order."

Three days later, Quebec's French-language Radio-Canada reported that the Prime Minister's Office had decided Bosley should be given a diplomatic posting. Then, The Canadian Press said that the Speaker was considering resigning because of attacks by the PMO to remove him. In Montreal to attend a cabinet meeting last Thursday, Mulroney did not try to discourage the speculation. Said the Prime Minister at the Speaker's last week: "That's for Mr. Bosley and the House of Commons to decide." And a senior aide to Mulroney confirmed in *Maclean's* last week that the government's strategy was to prompt Bosley's resignation. "Speakers cannot be fired by the Prime Minister—by making it clear that he was no longer wanted."

Bosley himself last week declined requests for interviews. He went into seclusion at a friend's home in Toronto, before a planned vacation. But one colleague told *Maclean's* that by last Thursday Bosley had decided he could no longer resist the efforts to dislodge him. Declared the source: "He decided to leave out of respect for the institution of Parliament." Bosley's letters

last week made no mention of the whisper campaign against him. But he said that a new Speaker, elected by secret ballot by the entire House under new rules introduced last year, could expect that all MPs would assume "a direct personal responsibility to uphold the authority of the chair."

The PMO issued a brief statement Friday night. In it Mulroney acknowledged that "the House has not been an easy place these past few years" and he applauded Bosley's decision as "an act of splendid leadership." But the statement contained none of the customary expressions of regret. Opposition Leader John Turner, who had tried to persuade Bosley to stay, declared: "Never before has a Speaker been faced to resign by the clear manipulation of a Prime Minister in the people for whom he is responsible." But it was a small group of freshmen Liberal MPs—the notorious "Bad Pack"—that created many of Bosley's troubles in the early days of the present Parliament.

Bosley's problems as chief arbiter of parliamentary debate and administrator of the Commons budget—\$185 million last year—began soon after his appointment. MPs on both sides of the House criticized his insistence that questions and answers be kept short. Others accused him of bias and inconsistency in his rulings. And he angered



Bosley leaving the Commons' pushed




Tory members by cutting off their responses or twisting their retract. Unacceptable language. Question Period soon turned into a shouting match, with far-reaching effects on the image of Parliament and on the government.

At the same time, Bosley spent vacation. Tory backbenchers by refusing to make reforms to the Commons administration introduced by Liberal Speaker Jeanne Sauvé in 1986. An auditor general's report that year had uncovered an alarming lack of spending control and widespread personnel in living staff. As a result, Sauvé hired a career civil servant, Arthur Silverman, as the Commons administrator to help restore order. Bosley, under intense pressure to replace Silverman, reluctantly resigned last January the re-nominee Silverman was transferred to Indian Affairs.

Bosley's likely successor in 42-year-old Marcel Duce, a Montreal lawyer and now the deputy speaker Bosley, who said in his letter to Mulroney that he would not resign his seat as MP for Toronto's Don Valley West riding, will preside over the election soon after Parliament reconvenes on Oct. 1. But in a tone of sadness, he added, "I love this House of Commons and will never feel more honored than to serve as Speaker and to administer its affairs."

—MICHAEL BIRN in Ottawa

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# Terror on the tarmac

The terror began in the pre-dawn darkness at Karshi's airport as one of the last handfuls of passengers was sleepily boarding Pan Am Flight 33 for the second leg of an ill-fated journey from Bombay to New York. Suddenly, four men, two dressed as airport security guards, brandished automatic rifles and grenades—and sprayed the tarmac with bullets. As the passengers dove for cover, the gunmen rushed on board the aircraft and imprisoned almost 400 hostages—including seven Canadians and 43 Americans. They demanded a flight to Cyprus—and freedom for pro-Palestinian terrorists in jail there. But 17 hours later, as the tightening noose around the hostages' necks suddenly tightened—and in the terror of darkness the gunmen opened fire on their prisoners. After a 15-minute wait, Palestinian commandos stormed the plane, killing one of the gunmen and capturing the other three.

The tail of last week's bloody terrorist attack was high 15 passengers died in the crash and 130 were wounded. Afterward, there were tragic scenes of children splattered with blood and hanging limply from their parents' arms. Anonymous spokesmen for two groups immediately claimed responsibility: the Jihadist Organization, a pro-Iranian Muslim group active in Lebanon, and the previously unlinked Libyan Revolutionary Cells. One of the captured gunmen shouted to journalists as he was dragged from the aircraft, "I am from Lebanon—I am a Palestinian." Pakistani intelligence officials said that the gunmen were Palestinian. But spokesman for Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasser Arafat denied responsibility.

The incident led to a dangerous deterioration in the already deeply frayed relations between Libya and the United States. Two weeks ago key U.S. administration officials claimed

that Libya was planning a new wave of terrorist attacks in Europe. The Pentagon, in turn, was reportedly preparing a strategy for large-scale retaliatory bombing of Libya if the attacks took place. At the same time, America's United Nations ambassador, Vernon Walters, urged European capitals to give support for increased economic sanctions against Libya.



Libyan President Muammar Gaddafi, attending the 181-member summit of the Non-Aligned Movement in Harare, Zimbabwe, attacked U.S. policies. He also called for the formation of an international "tribe" to spread fire under the feet of America. That inflammatory proposal, only a day before the terrorist attack, fueled suspicion on Gaddafi's possible role in the violence. But at the end of the week he asserted his innocence in private meetings with Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and Pakistani President Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq.

The violence also led to renewed worldwide calls for stronger airport security—and more forceful efforts to stamp out terrorism. In a statement after his meeting with the vice president, Gaddafi proclaimed, "My heart goes out to the wounded families—they are the innocent victims of mindless violence and its conse-

quences." Secretary of State George Shultz declared that "American resolve, backed by our power" will eventually end the world of such incidents.

In another terrorist attack on the weekend, two gunmen claiming to be members of South Lebanon's Islamic Jihad movement stormed a synagogue in Istanbul, Turkey, during Sabbath prayers. Grenade and grenade explosions killed 33 people and injured 55. Later, a statement telegraphed to an international news agency said that the "suicidal operation" was staged in retaliation for Israeli attacks on Lebanese villages.

In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Joe Clark reported that he had appointed a diplomatic representative in Karachi to assist the injured Canadians. They included three people from Toronto who were in a Karachi hospital. Clark added that Canada had prepared a response for the upcoming annual International Civil Aviation Organization meeting that would set stringent airport security obligations for member nations.

The attack began just before daybreak at Karshi International Airport as the jumbo jet stopped to park up passengers before flying on to Frankfurt and New York. At about 11 a.m. four men, riding a rented van disguised as an airport security vehicle, drove up the airport ramp and approached the aircraft. Two of the men were dressed as security officers.

The terrorists chose their living carefully. The Karachi airport passed recent U.S. government security inspection with high marks and, following a general U.S. Federal Aviation Administration warning issued two weeks ago, all U.S. airlines were on an increased alert. But the gunmen bypassed the Pan Am security system when they entered the tarmac from the airport perimeter—which is the re-



Wounded passengers after the raid (left and above); the Gannam (below); a renewed call for stronger security

sponsibility of the airport authority and the local government. As well, they attacked on Friday, the Muslim holy day, when security is weakest. The initial attack was both startling and brutal. As the passengers walked up the aircraft steps, the gunmen opened fire with Soviet-made automatic weapons. About 30 of the passengers scattered in terror away from the plane as the gunmen pushed past them and reeled up the steps. Two baggage handlers and a passenger were wounded.

As the gunmen beamed, they suffered a critical setback: An alert cabin attendant telephoned the cockpit from the passenger section. In turn, the pilot, copilot and engineer—all Americans—swiftly opened an emergency hatch and slid down the 35 feet to the tarmac on special wires equipped with stirrup-like handles.

The crew's action was controversial. Some terrorism experts accused them of abandoning their passengers, but others said they had effectively grounded the plane, making possible a commando-style rescue. At Pan Am headquarters in New York, chief executive officer Martin Shagrir defended the action. "The commanders of the

plane did exactly what we expected them to do," he said. On board, the gunmen took up their positions. One settled in the cockpit. The others covered the main entrance. They were, as one witness later reported, "armed to the teeth." Well-equipped security forces surrounded the plane and emergency personnel waited nearby.

Shortly after the initial onslaught, the terrorists tossed a body on to the tarmac. American Rajiv Kumar, 28, of Huntington Beach, Calif., died later



of head wounds in hospital. An Indian born in Kenya, he had moved to the United States eight years ago. He had become a U.S. citizen only last month—and had promptly flown to Bombay to bring his grandmother and aunt for a visit. The two women were

also on the plane—and they survived. Said his cousin, Dr. Patel, also a California resident: "We wanted to show them a free country, a free life."

Nearly five hours after the gunmen took over the aircraft, the first tentative negotiations began with Pan Am representatives and later Pakistani officials. The gunmen demanded an Arab-speaking crew to fly the plane to Larissa, Cyprus. They also asked for freedom for pro-Palestinian guerrillas in jail in Cyprus. That group already included three men convicted of murdering two Israeli men and a woman, shot the pilot. First at Larissa, then to September, 1985. As negotiations stalled, officials in Cyprus said that they would not allow the plane to land. Meanwhile, Pakistani officials told the hijackers that a cockpit crew was flying to Karachi from Frankfurt—and two of the terrorists' deadlines passed without incident.

On board the aircraft, the situation was tense but quiet. The gunmen made the hostages keep their hands in the air while they released their passports. Said Jacky Shah, 33, of Los Angeles later: "At first they said they wouldn't kill anybody if nobody moved. If we asked for something, they would give it to us." Added 25-year-old Harish Patel from Eford, England: "One of the gunmen was playing with the kids. We thought, a man who can play with kids cannot harm us."

While the passengers enjoyed that

temporary respite, a crisis team gathered at the U.S. State Department to monitor information. The Pan Am incident was the first hijacking of an American plane since the dramatic 1969 capture of a TWA aircraft by two Lebanese Shiite Muslim gunmen in June 1985. The Pentagon ordered the aircraft carrier Forrestal, out of port in Naples into a position near Cyprus. For his part, presidential spokesman Larry Speakes said that Washington would investigate any links between the terrorists and foreign governments.

In Canada, External Affairs set up a

special task force to monitor the events. Vice-Consul Bruce Mahony flew from the Pakistani capital of Islamabad to Karachi, a port on the Arabian Sea, to report on the situation and then visit the survivors. At the same time, the families of the Canadian hostages waited the crash with growing fear. Tarekstanian Kibbe and Joliffe Gulamian spent last Friday in front of their television, trying to discover the fate of their son Aarif and daughter-in-law Shaima Khattabi. Both 33, they were married last May and were returning from a honeymoon in India

and Pakistan. By late evening, Aarif's parents discovered that both of the kidnappers were wounded and recovering in a Karachi hospital. Said Joliffe Gulamian: "As long as I do not hear my son's voice, I will be upset."

In Morichung, Ont., near Toronto, the Doshi family was worried about Thakshard Doshi, 36, one of the injured Canadians just released from a Karachi hospital. The businessman acts as an agent for Indian textile firms, and he was in India and Pakistan on a month-long business trip. His barely-16-year-old daughter, 33, son Nareesh, 35, and pregnant daughter-in-law Rajal, 30—were horrified when they heard that commandos had stormed the plane and passengers were dead. As Rajal said: "Everyone was in tears—you just can't realize that it is happening to you."

On board the aircraft, the hostages' situation was growing more desperate. After 17 hours of operation, the plane's generator, which powered the lights, ran out of fuel. When the plane plunged into darkness, Pakistani commandos shut off the bright lights of the nearby terminal. Then, as chief aviation director-general Khushid Anwar Mirza later recounted, "our doors started closing in."

But the terrorists persisted in the darkness. They headed many of the passengers to the front of the aircraft. Then, according to some of the hostages, they prayed before throwing grenades at the passengers and spraying them with bullets. Some passengers managed to open an emergency door and get out using an escape slide. But the confusion and the shooting were devastating. Wounded Roshni Shah, traveling from Los Angeles with her two-year-old son, "I just threw my boy down the chute. It was terrifying." Added Angela Mannan from Milan: "When they gassed us together with no light and no air and started machine-gunning us, we thought, 'We are dead.' Then, the commandos stormed the plane. In the resulting chaos, many were injured."

One of the terrorists was killed in the commando attack. Two were captured almost immediately. Another, in plainclothes, attempted to sneak through the terminal with the survivors. He was apprehended while many of the passengers pointed and shouted, "He's a terrorist." Many of the dead and maimed victims were still onboard the shattered aircraft as the three terrorists were rushed to prison. They left behind the question of who they were—and why they had killed.

—MANN ARYANIAN with NORA UNDERWOOD  
in Toronto; BELLEVUE MCKENZIE in Ottawa;  
MARCI McDONALD in Washington, D.C.;  
BRIAN BERNAN in Vienna and newspapered reports

## THE SOVIET UNION

# Nightmare at sea

Hundreds of the 888 held by dynamite who trapped back aboard the Soviet cruise ship Admiral Nakhimov on Sunday, Aug. 31, were released from the Ukraine, perhaps seeking to throw off the nightmare of last April's Chernobyl nuclear disaster. At 10:30 p.m., Capt. Vadim Morozov said off, and the 17,000-ton vessel, her helio in advance, set sail from the Black Sea port of Novorossiysk for the resort city of Sochi on the next leg of a six-day cruise. Forty-five minutes later and only nine miles out to sea, while passengers dined on deck, the vessel struck midnight by the 28,000-ton Soviet grain carrier Pyotr Vasev. The Nakhimov sank in 15 minutes in 154 feet of water. Dead or missing and presumed drowned were 286 of those aboard—225 passengers and 61 crew members. None of the crew members aboard the Pyotr Vasev were injured. But the tragedy ranked as the second-worst peacetime disaster at sea since the Spanish steamer *Titanic* went down off the Florida coast Sept. 1, 1912, with the loss of 500 lives.

In a striking departure from their traditional practice of withholding information about major domestic mishaps, Soviet officials and newspapers provided detailed accounts of the Nakhimov's sinking. Leonid Nedyalko, deputy minister of the maritime fleet ministry, told a Moscow news conference that the Vasev struck the cruise ship on the starboard side between the engine room and the boiler room, and punctually speaking, ripped the ship open. "A major rescue attempt was mounted as reports of the disaster spread. Meanwhile, both captains survived and have been taken into custody pending an investigation."

Soviet newspapers prominently featured the dramatic stories told by surviving passengers and crew members. According to the government newspaper *Pravda*, the Nakhimov's helmsman, identified only as Bezrukov, said that the ship's departure from Novorossiysk was normal and that "everything went well." When the Nakhimov's crew sighted the Vasev in the distance the day officer sent out a radio signal. Then, said Bezrukov, "we took a bearing. From the bearing, we realized that the ship was to cross our path." The Vasev's reply was reassuring: "It was, 'Don't worry. We shall also clear of each other. We shall also be needed.' But several minutes later, recalled Bezrukov, the Nakhimov's crew realized that the freighter



After: 'people are at fault'

had not changed direction and sent out another radio signal. Shortly after, he said, "I saw the dry-cargo ship telescoping into our side. They worked the screw astern but it was too late." According to the newspaper *Sovetskaya Armiya*, "The freighter was visible in the dark eyes of the Admiral Nakhimov all the time."

The passengers apparently did not realize what was about to happen. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* reported that some people were getting ready for bed while "others were on deck where a band was already playing." The paper added: "Nothing presaged the tragedy which occurred at 11:15 p.m. Kyiv-nesses say that everything happened in a flash."

Rescuers pulled the survivors from the relatively warm waters of the Black Sea. Elena Pavlovskaya, on a honeymoon cruise with her husband, Yuri, told *Pravda* that they had been trying to go to sleep when the collision occurred. "It was very frightening," she said. "Everyone went out from under our feet. I saw a horrible crowd and therefore screamed. Yuri was disoriented. He immediately realized what to do, found life jackets and helped me. We slipped right overboard."

As the Nakhimov began sinking, rescue on the Pyotr Vasev began in

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rescue operation. They were helped by the crew of a nearby pilot launch, coast guards on board patrol craft, fishermen, and residents of Novosyatsk. Up to 60 vessels were involved in the operation. One rescuer told *Avenir*: "The water was covered by a layer of fuel oil and paint. People, exhausted, were often unable even to clasp the hand of their rescuer and some jumped into the waters to save people." Said another seaman: "We tried to take women and children out of the water first. I remember three girls, scared, stained with fuel oil, who



The Admiral Makhorov, for the passengers, "everything happened in a flash"

seemed not to understand what was happening." *Komsomolskoye Pravda* also reported that "rescue work was hampered by high waves which were stirred by a sudden gust of wind." On shore, 20 of the survivors were taken to hospital, while Novosyatsk merchants brought food and warm clothing for the sea, who were taken to shelter. Said the news agency trail:

"Special attention was shown to children. They were given medicines, bathed and observed up as much as possible." It was not known how many children were aboard, but five were rescued and two bodies were found.

Special plans and trains were marshalled to take the survivors home. But those who were residents of Moldova, on the Romanian border, faced additional problems. Earthquakes had rocked the region, killing at least one person. Viktor Lebedev, of the Moldavian Communist Party Central Committee said that 4,000 homes and 1,000 schools and villages were damaged in the second tremor, some beyond repair. Hundreds of miles of water pipes and power and communications cables were also destroyed or damaged.

But the quakes were overshadowed by the tragedy of the 575-foot Admiral

Makhorov, named after the naval commander who defended Sevastopol against the British during the Crimean War in 1854 and 1855. The cruise ship was built in 1926 at the Vulkan shipyard in Bremen, Germany, as a steam-powered transatlantic liner—later converted to diesel—and was originally christened the Berlin. After the German navy commandeered it during the Second World War, the ship saw service as a hospital and as a Baltic Sea transport. In 1944 the Berlin became a Red Cross ship carrying refugees westward away from the advancing Red

Army. On Feb. 1, 1945, the vessel struck a Soviet mine and sank near the Baltic port of Swinemünde—with no record of casualties. In 1949 the Russians raised the ship, rebuilt it and renamed it, and during the 1950s it was the flagship of the Soviet Black Sea cruise fleet. Some Soviet sources claimed that the Makhorov had a history of problems, that at the Moscow news conference Nedryk said that although the Makhorov was old, it was "in good working condition." And he added, "Obviously the ships are not at fault and people are at fault."

An Soviet official began to investigate the disaster and the behavior of the captain, *TASS* reported that Gennadiy Aliev, first deputy prime minister and Politburo member, had been named to lead an inquiry. Earlier in the week Igor Averin of the merchant marine ministry told reporters in Moscow: "Usually a collision at sea is a result of a clash of opinions between two people, just like in a marriage. In a marriage, you can't find a single person guilty." But the nighttime crash off Novosyatsk was more like a death in the family.

—BAR CORRELL with RALPH MCKENNEY in Ottawa and newspaper reports

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# CN's steely decisions

**T**heir plastic yellow hard hats have become a symbol of their anger—and desperation. Two weeks ago in Fredericton, employees from Canadian National's Moncton, N.B.,

capital expenditures and cover its operating losses. And the all-important rail division is experiencing a decline in freight volume—primarily in bulky commodities such as wheat and coal—which is its mainstay. It is also losing

But in its attempt to shed employees and little-used branch lines—one-third of CN's lines carry only one per cent of its business—CN faces problems that are both political and economic. Many Canadians still view nostalgically the

repair shops tossed dozens of hard hats into the hood and under the wheels of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's limousine as he began a tour of the area. The workers were protesting the potential loss by next year of 487 high-paying jobs when CN transfers ownership of part of the facility to Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd. Last week about 1,000 demonstrators continued the protest outside the Hotel Bonaparte in downtown Moncton, where seven federal cabinet ministers were holding Atlantic Forum, a two-day conference on regional economic development. But federal Transport Minister Jean Charest—who accepted a hard hat from the peaceful but noisy crowd—affirmed the protesters' little hope. The minister said that he would reverse CN's decision to sell the shops. But, he added, CN "was not created to overcome the problems of regional disparity."

Over the next several years, dozens of communities across Canada will experience the same kind of dislocation. With new divisions, CN's activities include railways, hotels, real estate, communications and energy exploration. But it is the Canadian Rail operations that provide the bulk of revenue—\$57 billion of total revenue of \$5 billion in 1983—and that are central to management's concerns. Indeed, the transportation conglomerate is facing a serious financial crisis: it is carrying a \$3.5-billion debt—most of it borrowed to finance Canadian Rail's



CN's freight-car repair line in Moncton, N.B. yellow hard hats draw attention to the bottom line

more and more leads to truckers and revitalized U.S. rail carriers.

To compete, the company plans to eliminate 14,000 jobs over several years—10,000 of them from Canadian Rail. And the company wants to shut down at least one-third of its 32,000 km of track. Declared Maurice LeClair, CN's chairman and chief executive officer, "The crisis is not three years from now. It is not year."

In corporate terms, CN has embarked on a major program to reflect its size

railroads' historical role as a nation builder. "The railway is, for many Canadians, a precious link to a proud past," said LeClair.

CN's attempts to alter shape, from a sprawling giant into a smaller, more efficient railroad, will severely test the federal Conservative policy of permitting Crown corporations to act as profit-making businesses. The government is allowing the Crown to move away from their traditional role as instruments of economic and social develop-

ment. Last week Cronk said that although the government should not attempt to keep the Montreal shops open, that would limit the company's ability to compete. "The government does not manage CN," Cronk declared.

But in Montreal and many other parts of Canada, long-term-oriented CN is regarded as a job-providing job-saving arm of the state. The Montreal Ship Car Shops (MSS) committee, formed a year ago and made up of municipal, business and union representatives, presented a brief to the Atlantic Forum conference pointing out that with 1,022 employees, CN's Main Shops facility was the area's largest single industrial employer. Among its recommendations, the brief, presented by Jean chairman Paul Dangle, general manager of the Montreal regional development commission, urged the government and CN to provide funds to encourage new industry to the area to replace the jobs.

A submission to the conference by the 800-member Council économique du Nouveau-Brunswick, which represents francophone businesses, said that cutting 408 jobs in Montreal was equivalent to eliminating 10,000 jobs in Montreal or Toronto.

For its part, CN has pointed out that with 70 per cent of its traffic—and its repair work—west of the Lakehead, there is less and less work for the Montreal shops. Last week Ronald Lawless, CN's president and chief operating officer, said in an interview that the company had worked hard to arrange a deal with Canadian General Electric, which intends to build diesel locomotives at the shop and may employ about 800 of the workers. Said Lawless: "We will still employ 3,000 people [at other CN facilities] in Montreal. But people think that if their father worked there, their sons should work there. It becomes an emotional issue."

Since its creation, CN has had a mandate to provide services in areas of the country where it is not economic to do so—an attitude its executives call an "imposed public duty." In some cases, CN obtains federal subsidies that partially compensate it for maintaining

money-losing operations. The company receives 30 per cent of the cost of running branch rail lines that it wants to close but which its federal regulator, the Canadian Transport Commission (CTC), demands that it keep open. British Rail subsidies are currently running at \$65 million a year—\$50 million a year less than the cost of operation.

CN is not compensated for maintaining many other losing operations. Trans-Canada, CN's rail subsidiary in Newfoundland, is currently losing \$40 million per year. The company would like to close the 1,000-km railway and serve the island with trucks and ships, but to date it has been refused permission to do so.

Partly as a result of the shortfall of federal subsidies, CN has built up high

costs of public policy—but only if we are compensated for doing so."

Despite the costs involved in running a railway in Canada, industry experts note that CN—along with Montreal-based Canadian Pacific Ltd., which is one of the nation's regulatory provisions—has two of the most efficient railways in North America. But that began to change in 1980 when the U.S. Congress deregulated the country's railways. The Staggers Rail Act permitted U.S. railroad companies to compete for business by selling private contracts with customers instead of having to post their rates. Although revenue fell because of competition, costs fell even more. By 1982 the newly deregulated U.S. railroads—joined by competitive U.S. truckers—began to take at least \$100 million a year in

business away from CN, which directs 36 per cent of its traffic into the United States.

Two years ago CN launched an extensive series of internal studies to analyze its business and to determine how to improve its service. Completed in 1985, the studies indicated that unless it moved quickly to reduce its manpower, debt and improve its efficiency through the increased use of computers and methods, the company would be in trouble. Said LeClair in a speech last year: "The changes we are suggesting do not reflect forecasts and they are not easy. They are hard."

Last year the federal Conservatives responded to the wave of deregulation in the U.S. transportation industry by proposing similar legislation for the Canadian train, trucking and air transport businesses. The new national transportation act, which was tabled in the Commons by then-transport minister Donald Manomet, is expected to be re-introduced this year. The bill will copy aspects of the Staggers Act. Like their U.S. counterparts, the railroads will be able to make confidential contracts with their customers. At the same time, the CTC will be replaced by a new regulatory agency that may permit the railroads to close unprofitable branch lines more easily. But as CN struggles to regain its reputation as one of the continent's great railroads, its employees in Canada's small towns and communities are bound to suffer the most.



LeClair: a precious link to a proud past

leak debts throughout its history. Three times, in 1907, 1932 and 1976, the government recapitalized CN by converting its debt to equity. The government, which had loaned all the money to CN, forgave the loans. But in 1978, when \$696 million in debt was absorbed, the government ordered CN in future to borrow its funds on the open market.

Since 1978 CN has built up another \$3.5 billion in debt. According to LeClair, \$1.5 billion of that amount results from providing uncommercial public services. In 1984 interest on CN's debt will probably absorb all of the company's operating profit. Said LeClair: "We can continue to be a medi-

—MICHAEL SALTER with STE CALHOUN in Moncton and KEN MACQUEEN in Ottawa

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For half a year Toronto real-estateaire Paul Reichman had waged a hard-fought and determined battle to take control of the Windsor-based duellist Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts Ltd. In March, Reichman, through Gulf Canada Ltd., a company his family controls, launched a takeover of Hiram Walker Resources Ltd. (HWR), the duellist's parent company. But two weeks after the bid was announced, HWR's management—in an attempt to prevent the impending acquisition—sold the liquor business to British-based Allied-Lyons PLC for \$5.6 billion. Then, in April, after a series of stock market bids and counterbids, Reichman won control of 60 per cent of HWR. Now, after a costly round of courtroom skirmishes over who rightly owned the duellist, Reichman will finally obtain a portion of his sought-after prize.

Last week representatives of the warring giants met privately in the luxurious London headquarters of Allied, where they settled on a compromise. Allied will assume 51-per-cent control of the duellist for \$500 million, with Reichman-owned Gulf Can-

ada holding a minority interest of 49 per cent. As a condition of the agreement, all litigation—including a \$5-billion lawsuit launched by Allied and set to be heard in Ontario Superior Court on Sept. 20—will be dropped.

The muted victory for Allied takes place after several weeks of negotiations which were interrupted by Reichman during a visit to London on Aug. 20. There, the two sides hammered out a "gentlemen's agreement," said Sheryl Reid, a spokeswoman for Allied, and agreed to have their lawyers complete the arrangement immediately. Seven days later, when Allied chairman Sir Derrick Holders-Brown and his entourage of six lawyers appeared at the Reichman office in Toronto, a serious rift developed. The agreement drafted by the Reichman side "did not convey the spirit of their verbal agreement in London," said Reid. But Paul Reichman convinced



Sir Derrick: compromise.

Holders-Brown to continue negotiations, which resulted a week later in the settlement.

Both companies will benefit from the sudden end to the costly fight. The agreement may help the British food and beverage conglomerate fend off another takeover threat. Last week Britain's Monopolies and Mergers Commission approved an application by Australian-based Elders Inc. Ltd. to

renew a bid first made last December to acquire Allied Stock market observers in London said last week that the Hiram purchase could make Allied too large for Elders to absorb.

But the eleven-hour accord also provided the two corporate combatants with a graceful way out of a lengthy and gloomy battle. The next round of court battles, and any subsequent appeals, would have dragged the contest into many more months. The compromise between Allied and the Reichmans provided a way to save not only money but time.

—PATRICIA RIDE with THERESA THORSON in Toronto

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# New masters of the bottom line

By Peter C. Newman

These kids are smart. But I'd be soon take a pyrexia to bed or have one. He'd look my brain, memorize my Rolodex and use my telephone to find some other guy who'd pay him twice the money.

—Harvard MBA

That may be too harsh a verdict, but there is little doubt that the current crop of MBA and its undergraduate equivalents are giving North American business leaders and endowing the boardrooms they have invaded with an air of intellectual professionalism.

This month the 40 or so universities that turn out this brainy new breed of business leaders are beginning the process of transforming would-be jockeys into masters of the bottom line. Commerce graduates at various levels now total nearly 15,000 annually, accounting for nearly 30 per cent of all university enrollees—except in Quebec where nearly a quarter of all college students are studying some aspect of business.

The phenomenon is still too recent to have any definite conclusions on how this influx—and the classes which have preceded the current crop of graduates plus those who will follow it—will alter our business life. But the research being done by the 3,190 full-time professors at Canadian business schools certainly is providing a valuable framework for the study of Canada's business profession.

Few institutions have contributed more to this process than the commerce faculty at Vancouver's University of British Columbia. "With constrained resources we had to make a decision on how to define our mission," says dean Peter Lenzly. "Because Canada was already being served very well by the Harvard-oriented case method adopted by the University of Western Ontario, we decided to follow the MIT and University of Chicago examples and concentrate more on the theoretical approach and try to make our mark there."

That theoretical emphasis has not detracted from UBC's undergraduate commerce program. There were 1,380 applications for the 335 available first-year places this summer. The average age of the successful applicants to the program is 26, and 80 per cent of them have some experience in the labor force.

Unlike the deans of most commerce faculties, Lenzly has sculpted the curriculum so that his school turns out future executives with specialized as well as general management skills. "We have attempted to broaden the meaning of business education," he told me, "so that we can give students a very wide exposure and turn out future executives who can deal with energy issues, trade policies and transportation economics."



Lenzly: a harder edge in the boardroom

Unique to the UBC school is its emphasis on Pacific Rim studies. Six faculty members taught at Asia Tong University in Shanghai during the summer, while a trio of Chinese scholars and six PhD candidates are spending at least a year in Vancouver. Although Asia Tong is basically an engineering school, UBC professors have set up a management faculty in Shanghai with seminars from the Canadian International Development Agency.

If UBC's research-oriented school of

business is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the University of Western Ontario's emphasis on case studies, Queen's University School of Business in Kingston, Ont., is somewhere in between. This semester there were 1,151 applicants for the 375 available first-year bachelor of commerce openings out of a total undergraduate business student body of about 1,000. "One of the big problems," says dean John Gordon, "is the admission criteria used, which are primarily grades. I don't think that's acceptable in the long run. We've got to have a much broader basis of choice for people who are going into the management sector, both public and private."

Perhaps the fact that Gordon is himself an engineer (as well as an MBA) has something to do with the breadth of backgrounds among successful MBA applicants. "We like to make sure that we have a broad discipline base," says Gordon. "We are extremely well integrated into what I consider to be one of Canada's great advantages."

Queen's, unlike most Canadian universities, is very much part of its community, partly because of its physical location in the residential heart of Kingston and partly because it is architecturally compatible with its surroundings—due to the fact, as one of its former chancellors observed, "of never having enough money to make any serious mistakes." Although there are no corporate head offices in town, Kingston is "centrally isolated" enough that visiting lecturer-industrialists commute from Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa.

"Our main advantage," says Gordon, "is that our students get a much more rounded education, both inside and outside the classrooms, than at other places. There is a balance between teaching and research. I want a faculty that brings its stimulus for enquiry into the classroom instead of just channeling it into publishing in learned journals for the sake of advancing academic careers."

What business schools do for their graduates is provide them with higher-than-average entry points when they are ready to start their careers. But most of the schools also produce a very special sort of mind and a widely coveted spirit. "It's not how you play," one MBA summed up. "It's whether you win the God damned game."



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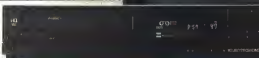
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# ELECTROHOME





# From the fast lane to a prison cell

The Los Angeles Criminal Courts building is 16 km southeast of Chatsworth, a suburb of Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. But for 30-year-old Catherine Evelyn Smith that distance represents the journey from many years spent supplying entertainment industry stars' demands for drugs and sex to her current station as the woman who was partially responsible for the death of comedian John Belushi. The rotund star of satiric *Saturday Night Live* died of a drug overdose in a secluded bungalow behind the luxury hotel on March 5, 1982. And last week U.S. Superior Court Judge David Horowitz sentenced Smith, a native of Burlington, Ont., to three years in prison for supplying the fatal heroin and cocaine mixture As Belushi's widow, Judith, looked on from a front-row courtroom seat, Horowitz told Smith that the late comedian's drug-dependent lifestyle could not absolve her from responsibility in his death.



PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

Smith, Weitzman: a plea for rehabilitation and a leap into heroin addiction

But Smith contributed to her growing notoriety with her 1984 autobiography, *Champ the Dragon*, a title which refers to a technique used in smoking heroin. Still, as last week's sentencing sparked another round of media attention, friends and acquaintances who have followed her rollercoaster ride from a small Ontario community insisted that she was more than just a star-struck junkie who killed Belushi. One of them is Jim Huxley, a consulting producer for a one-hour documentary on Smith which aired last week on Toronto's CITY TV. Declared Huxley: "She was a victim, a convenient scapegoat for what is wrong with Hollywood with drug use."

Certainly, Smith appeared to be little more than a "sopho, unpolished hanger-on to such celebrities as com-

edian Robin Williams and film star Robert De Niro, when they paid brief visits to Belushi's bungalow on the night he died. Still, Williams was sufficiently disturbed by her dominating presence in Belushi's garbage-strewn rooms that he later described her to his wife as "a tough, scary" lady.

Smith was the last person to see Belushi alive, scrubbing him back and helping the 30-year-old comedian into bed. In *Champ the Dragon*, she recalls that she left him sleeping while she ran some errands at 10:25 a.m. Two hours



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reopens the case and nine months later a Los Angeles grand jury indicted Smith for second-degree murder and 13 counts of furnishing and administering drugs. Klawns, the deputy district attorney who successfully prosecuted Smith, described the *Engineer's* taped interview with her as "the smoking gun" in the case.

As Fox argued successfully for a grant of immunity, Smith sat nearby at the defense counsel's table. With her neatly coiffed hair, a smart turquoise blue shirt and matching print blouse, she appeared to be healthy and confident last week. In fact, Smith had spent the previous few weeks in a drug detoxification center attempting to overcome her heroin habit. And defense counsel Weisman said that he was doubtful that she would be able to remain drug-free if exposed to readily available drugs within prison. Disordered Weisman: "The solution to the tragedy that took place is not that Smith should be warehoused for what she did. Smith was a young woman who got caught up in a situation thousands of people in America would have

lived to be in, being in the shadow of a great star."

Smith's style of looking in reflected glory on the fringes of the entertainment world began in 1982 when a friend took her to a Fleetwings, Ont., bar and introduced her to The Ramones.



Smith in *Neighbors*. She drove to destroy herself.

a rock group which later achieved fame as The Dead. That meeting ignited a sporadic association that lasted until The Dead gave what is billed as its last performance in November 1976. During that period Smith had a

child, later gave the little girl up for adoption before she was a year old and, in 1979, entered a stormy four-year relationship with Canadian singer Gordon Lightfoot.

When they separated Smith did not want to leave an exciting environment of late nights, cocktail tours and pulsating concerts. By then she had dated with Prince Charles at an Ottawa reception hosted by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, performed as a backup vocalist in Lightfoot's 1973 album, *Summertime*, and met scores of the top U.S. and Canadian rock stars. In 1975 Smith shared a stage—and a bed—with country singer Hoyt Axton. And in 1976 she had met the Rolling Stones, embarked on a brief affair with lead guitarist Keith Richards and started using heroin. Smith was now in a downward spiral but the band unconsciously

dropped her from its entourage in October of that year after using her to look after one of their houses. Said Smith in last week's first TV documentary "That's the way we used to work—you know, we don't need you any more." Added Canadian singer Murray McLauchlan, who also knew Smith as a backup singer: "In retrospect, she had a lot of potential to do something good on her own. But for some reason she decided to take the path of least resistance, which was to drink her fate by hanging around with the famous."

In the end, a career dedicated to drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll did bring Smith rapid recognition—but only as the woman who aided a famous man's drive to destroy himself. Smith's relatives clearly see her as that light-appearing from his widow, who said that her spiritual beliefs prevented her from judging Smith's actions. But Pamela Jackson, Smith's sister-in-law and a Portland, Ore., lawyer, told the court that Smith would go to jail because she seemed to believe that "if you want to be with celebrities, the way to do it is with drugs." And now, herself a figure of notoriety, Smith will have to withstand the same temptations that destroyed her. One reason, according to film producer Stanley, who talked to her last week, remains in a Los Angeles holding cell: promised Smith that drugs would be easily available.

—MAURICE GRAY with DEBORAH DOYLE  
DEBORAH DOYLE is the writer and MARGARET KERRICK is Los Angeles



Protesters in Vancouver: confirmation of a dangerous new deal in the trade.

## CRIME

# Corpse on a quiet street

Driving home with her husband, David, from a football game at 11:35 p.m. on Aug. 21, Elaine Ryan noticed something glib in the tiny park adjacent to her house in the quiet Vancouver suburb of Surrey. Suddenly the car's headlights illuminated a grotesque scene: sprawled on the grass three meters from the street was the body of a young woman clad in a pink blouse and a short purple plaid skirt with a green necktie twisted tightly around her throat. Deborah Smith, a 25-year-old prostitute, had been strangled by a murderer who was still at large last last week. To some Vancouver prostitutes, ordered by judges not to work in the city's core, the murder was gruesome confirmation of a dangerous new trend in their trade.

They say that the courts are driving them out into unfamiliar and sometimes dangerous areas—like the poorly lit corner of the King George Highway in Surrey where Kins was last seen alive by people at a nearby Tim Horton's drug shop. Earlier this summer police had traced arrested Kins downtown on charges of communicating for the purpose of prostitution, and on June 8 provincial court Judge John Bradstreet ordered her to stay out of the city centre.

The Criminal Code's revised Section 185.1, Canada's toughest new anti-prostitution law which came into effect last December, gives police more power to arrest prostitutes. But in April, B.C. Attorney General Brian Smith in-

structed prosecutors to ask the courts to impose area restrictions on accused prostitutes and clients both as a condition of bail and upon conviction. As a result, more than 300 people sentenced in the province since April are now subject to area restrictions. But Marie Arrington, an organizer of Vancouver's Prostitutes and Other Women for Equal Rights, says that the courts are trying to make all of Vancouver a restricted area. And she blames the courts for Smith's death. Said Arrington, who had known Kins for two years: "If she didn't get an area restriction, she'd still be alive."

Kins, a 110-lb., blue-eyed brunette, had worked along a well-lit portion of Doris Street while her boyfriend, Brian Grant, 41, kept watch from a hotel restaurant on the other side—until she was lured from downtown. Then she moved to Surrey where she solicited customers by pretending to be a hitchhiker. But Anthony Serka, the lawyer who acted for Kins during her trial, says he does not believe the court action was responsible for his former client's death. Said Serka: "They should be able to work with the street area, but area restrictions don't kill people. Moreover, Vancouver regional Crown counsel Robert Wright said that Crown attorneys will continue to ask for restrictions on prostitutes "until they are all off the streets."

—ANNE HERMAN with GRANT PROBERT  
in Vancouver

## EDUCATION

# Not wanted on voyage

On the opening day of school in Winnipeg, Newcom and Page Swings took their daughter, Amber, to kindergarten for the first time. But the five-year-old girl's first day in Isidore elementary school on Aug. 29 was over before it even began—because Amber Swings has cerebral palsy. Minutes before 9 a.m. principal Henry Kneel stopped the parents in the hallway of the brick building on the city's north end and told them that he could not allow their daughter into the classroom. The teacher then told her sobbing daughter, "There isn't quite room enough for you today." And later the father told reporters that if necessary he would fight all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada to get his daughter into a normal school. Said Swings: "We believe the new Charter of Rights guarantees our daughter's inclusion in society. You can't discriminate against her because of her disability, and this is what they are clearly doing."

Because of her cerebral palsy, a disability caused by brain damage before she was born, Amber cannot walk or talk, and has a full-time teacher's aide to help her move and communicate. For that reason the Winnipeg school board wants the girl to attend Nergay elementary school, where she would join 15 other physically handicapped children, a special education teacher and 15 nonhandicapped children. But the Swings say that Amber should attend Isidore, two blocks from their home, instead of Nergay, which is about four kilometers away. However, the school board's deputy assistant superintendent, Marianne Woywio, said that the board could never provide open school with the type of care that is needed. Said Woywio: "It is impossible for us to do that."

By week's end, the Swings had met with Woywio to discuss the girl's future. But board chairman Vincent Dault said that before Amber could be allowed to attend Isidore there would have to be a full assessment of her needs. To that, Page Swings replied: "We cannot agree to an assessment that will determine whether or not she will go to that school. She has a right to go to that school." But it may take a court battle to get Amber into that classroom.

—DOUG SMITH in Winnipeg

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# THE HOTTEST TEAM IN THE RACE

COVER

**T**he smoke is swirling, even in the bright sunlight of a September afternoon. The gut is smooth, relaxed, giving off just subtle hints of a confidence or at least of a no-nonsense confidence. The hints are not missed by his admirers, who arrive at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium long

before game time to watch Blue Jays ace Steve Barfield who, with his towering home runs and rocket-like throws from right field, has become a symbol of the Jays and their dramatic late entry in the pennant race of 1986. They come to cheer Barfield's power-hitting partners in the outfield—George Bell and Lloyd Moseby—and Toronto's wiry little shortstop, Tony Fernandez. They come to cheer on the Jays' parents of the Eastern Red Sox and their dramatic late entry in the pennant race of 1986. They come to cheer Barfield's power-hitting partners in the outfield—George Bell and Lloyd Moseby—and Toronto's wiry little shortstop, Tony Fernandez. They come to cheer on the Jays' parents of the Eastern Red Sox and their dramatic late entry in the pennant race of 1986.

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**Rivalry:** Unlike last year, for the majority of the 1986 season the Jays were not that hard to beat. The Red Sox quickly rallied away from the defending American League (AL) champions and, indeed, from the rest of their rivals. Throughout baseball, the bright promise of March faded and the brave flourishes of July and August died away. While the Jays led the league in runs scored, their pitching faltered and once Barfield's hot fell silent, not an August gave way to September.

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But in the AL East, a September showdown awaits. The pennant race in baseball's most competitive division is now reduced to two teams—the Boston Red Sox and the Toronto Blue Jays. By the end of the month they will have played each other six times and the race will likely have been run. Said broadcaster and former New York Yankee shortstop Tony Kubek: "It may come down to these six games, and it will be the team that's not frightened that will win it."

**Tris:** The teams began their trip to this month's confrontation in April. The Blue Jays, in just their 30th year in the league but as defending champions in the East, expected to arrive as a shoo-in. The Red Sox, in their 85th year but as the fifth-place underdogs in 1985, expected to arrive late, but still fresh. But this season it was the Sox, not the Jays who led the division from the middle of May and it was Boston's pitching, not Toronto's, that out-trotted the Detroit Tigers, New York Yankees and Baltimore Orioles.

Still, as Boston sped toward the pennant, Toronto's pitching faltered and once Barfield's hot fell silent, not an August gave way to September.

runs, despite some problems, managed to steadily shake the Red Sox early lead. Now, with the 162-game season drawing to a close, in front of tens of thousands of fans and millions of television viewers, the race in Sox and Jays uniforms will fulfill their childhood fantasies and pursue their lifelong dream. Said Blue Jays catcher Buck Martinez: "From our very beginnings in the game, this is what we play for, the pennant race. It is the only thing in baseball."

**Moment:** For the Jays, the race is the mirror image of last year's. Then, they were the leaders, relentlessly pursued by the Yankees. Now, they pursue Boston and will have to play 16 of their last 19 games in opponent parks. For the Red Sox, this year is a welcome reversal of last season. Then, they trailed the Blue Jays by 28½ games. Last weekend they narrowly led the Jays, and will be playing at home in their final 10 games. And while the Jays gradually crept past the Tigers, Orioles and Yankees into second place, the front-running Sox continued repeated challenges and constant reminders of the team's history of faltering in the stretch. Said Kubek: "The other teams—Detroit, Baltimore and New York—have all made their run in the Sox, and they have all been beaten back. Now it's the Blue Jays' turn. These fanbases are exhausting mentally and physically. This month we'll see how much the Jays have left."

**Strength:** The defining championship late-season rally began slowly. The Blue Jays were in last place on June 5 and 10 games behind Boston as June 16. At the midseason All-Star break, the Jays were in fifth and 10½ games back. Through July and August the Sox could only gain by their primary competitors would be in June Boston had won all three games over the Yankees in New York and then swept the Orioles in three games in Baltimore. When the Tigers made their charge after the all-star break, Boston defeated Detroit five times in seven games. But as the summer wound an end, it became clear that the Sox would rely only about Toronto in the final month.

Many Red Sox players say they are ready for the Jays' challenge and prepared to turn it back. They have the

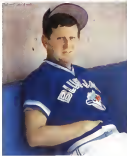
league's winningest pitcher in Roger Clemens. And they have one of the game's best hitters, in third baseman Wade Boggs, to go with sluggers Jim Rice and Jerry Remy. Not content with success, they recently acquired outfielder Dave Henderson and short-

stop Spike Owen from the Seattle Mariners. The Sox' starting pitching staff was solidified by the earlier arrival of veteran pitcher Tom Seaver from the Chicago White Sox and encouraged by the outstanding relief pitching of rookie Calvin Schiraldi.

And the team is led by one of the game's fiercest competitors and best strategists, veteran Don Baylor, who arrived in a pressense trade with the Yankees.

**Struggle:** Critical trades in early July sent independent Doyle Alexander and Jim Acker to Atlanta in exchange for two other pitchers, Joe Johnson, who quickly won four games for Toronto, and Duane Ward. While last year's relief ace Dennis Lewis struggled with his control, and squandered talented Gary Lunde and Tom Filer, rookie reliever Mark Eichner and Tom Henke were having seasonal years. But the Toronto moment in August, although it was given the ball All that changed in September.

The Red Sox' season-long march has been sustained by Thomson, the AL's starting pitcher in the all-star game against St. Louis, starter of the high-flying New York Mets (page 62). The remarkable 24-year-old right-



Parade (above), Williams: late-season rush



Barfield: 'If we stay healthy, we're going to do huge to Sox'

hander won his first 14 games of the season, one short of the American League record for most consecutive wins at the start of a season. It was the Jays who stole Clemens's string. Essentially, the Sox were almost guaranteed a victory every fourth game. At the same time, every fourth Toronto game, Sox and his associates were virtually guaranteed a loss. Said Williams: "There was giving up runs quickly in almost every game, falling further behind and not giving us a chance to come back. But in that Minnesota game, he gave up three quick runs, then really bore down and shot them out for 25 innings. That was the turning point. He stayed with it and we were able to come back and win the game, in the 10th inning."

**Dwight:** In his next two starts, Rife pitched well and won two games, raising his record to a still-dismal five wins and 10 losses. Said Gilek: "Our outfield had been overreacting, as was our relief pitching and our shortstop, Tony Fernandez. Hubbs was having one of those fanatical years that you never really expect. The only thing really lacking was a few quality starts from Stuch. Then he turned it around in Minnesota. Rife keeping us in his games gave us a chance."

Sitting on their lead, the Sox, too, like their chances. Said Boston pitcher Bruce Hurst: "I'm excited about it. By the time we play them [on Sept. 19], if all these games be a double or I'll be all over. We'll either be ahead by three or four or we'll have a seven or eight game lead." But in a rare lucid moment, the determined veteran Bull commented: "Their lead means nothing now, it's as if we're blind. It will come down to our series with them. We just have to win it."

**Figures:** The first three marquee wins will be held in Toronto. The Jays will have a few friendly audiences there than they will on the last weekend in September in the sometimes hostile confines of Boston's Fenway Park. There have been bad feelings between the teams since they traveled to

June of last year. The fighting broke out after Boston's Bruce Kison (since retired) hit Bull with a pitch just after Ernie Whit's arched a ground-ball home run. Bull charged the mound and aimed a karate kick at Kison, and the

engering animosity between the clubs. It's right up there on front."

The Jays have impressed rivals around the league. Said Cleveland Indians manager Pat Corrado: "I like the Blue Jays. They are more talented than they were last year, and they should go further. They can beat you with the bats, with inside speed and with their gloves." If a Toronto glove wins the series, it will likely belong to shortstop Tony Fernandez. At 34, and once considered the best defensive shortstop in baseball, Fernandez has added a 300 batting average this year. Whit says that Fernandez, despite his punch, is a "team leader on and off the field" and a leading candidate for the league's most valuable player (MVP) award.

Added Whit: "Most teams have perhaps one candidate. We have three—Fernandez, Bell and Burfield—but that will probably split up the vote." Said Jays third baseman Garth Iorg, who has been with the team from the beginning: "If Tony is not the MVP, then I just can't imagine who is. Who would you trade him for? No one."

Fernandez, however, downplayed the importance of the MVP award. He added: "If we get some individual recognition, it's nice. But our main goal is to win the championship for the organization." To do that, the Jays will most likely have to beat the Red Sox in old Fenway Park, one of its nooks and crannies, its lasting "Green Monster" wall in left field and its beleaguered Red Sox fans just an arm's length away. Said Martinez: "Just walking into Fenway is exciting. There is so much history there, going all the way back to Babe Ruth, then Ted Williams, Carl Yastrzemski, right up to Carlton Fisk. And having the chance to go in there in September is a personal race is a thrill for both clubs." The bugs of Boston and Toronto may carry their dreams into autumn, and the war will decide whose will come true.

—EAL QUINN with ANN PULASKI in Toronto and DAN BRADSHAW in Boston



Rogers (above): Eichenorn: the Sox say they are ready for the Jays' challenge



Stevens and DAN BRADSHAW in Boston

# THE SOX' LOST LEGACY

COVER

**M**ost Boston Red Sox fans see their team the way a player never sees an old team.

They listen skeptically to repeated pleas for forgiveness and promises of bigger endings. The affair began when the American League (AL) team was formed in 1901, but the Red Sox have not won a World Series since 1918, when the left-handed Babe Ruth was a star pitcher. In 1920 then-Red Sox owner and theatre producer Harry Faneb told *Yankee* to finance a stage production of *No No Nonsense*. Since then the Red Sox have played in only three other Series—1946, 1967 and 1975—losing each in the seventh and deciding game. Now, although the Sox have been in first place in the AL East since May 15, the fans in Boston are still wary of another heartbreak.

**Painful:** September collapses and near-misses are a painful legacy. The lumber fortune of late owner Tom Yawkey and the incomparable talent of Ted Williams failed to bring a championship to Fenway Park. The 1948 Red Sox lost a one-game playoff to the Cleveland Indians. A year later the Sox, needing only one victory to secure the pennant, played the last two games of the season in New York. Boston lost both games. In the last 14 seasons, the Sox led the East three times at the midweek All-Star break and won one championship.

But the failures of 1974 and 1978 cut deepest. In 1974 Boston led the division by seven games on Aug. 22, but floundered third, seven games behind the Baltimore Orioles. In 1978 they led the Yankees by a full 14 games on July 19. Throughout the next two months the team struggled, finally winning the last eight games to tie the New York Yankees. Scoring a one-game divisional playoff. In that contest, left-hitting Yankee shortstop Bucky Dent's three-run homer into the net above Fenway's

famous "battering 'Green Monster' left-field wall beat Boston 5-4.

In the wake of the 1978 nose dive, so led in too big for Red Sox fans in 1986. Left fielder and team captain Jim Rice, right fielder Dwight Gooden and relief pitcher Bob Stanley are the only players left from the 1978 team, nicknamed the *Mustache Pile*. And the new players are going for the mistakes of their predecessors. Boston

na, we're not going to win, and 'Oh, no, Ted's going to hit me!"

But the confident anticipation of failure has not dampened New England's interest in Red Sox. Sox fans almost fill the 35,500-seat Fenway each game, and scalpers collect \$32 for 25 seats. There is also some evidence that the 1986 Sox are different. They have remained in first place with solid franchise pitching, not usually a Boston strength. Roger Clemens, 24, has been the Sox's 29-game winner this season, could win the Cy Young Award as the league's top pitcher and be named the league's Most Valuable Player. Clemens leads a complete starting staff of Tom Seaver, Dennis "Old Cat" Boyd, Bruce Hurst and Al Nipper, while Calvin Schiraldi has emerged as a bullpen closer.

**Writing:** Bill, the current Red Sox are not the fence-busters of old. In many ways, the Sox would have been a submission throughout the summer before writing in Fenway's September win. The 1986 Sox are winning, not with homers but with the gritty play of first baseman Bill Buckner and the positioning hitting of third baseman Wade Boggs. And they have won with the aid of veteran players familiar with Fenway: Steve Nigrini via Chicago, Sammy Stewart (Baltimore), Ed Schemm (Houston), Ed Herman (Cleveland) and bringing a new position attitude in the clubhouse. But for most Sox fans, it is still too early to enjoy all that. The memories of bitter setbacks in past seasons are still too fresh. Bill Rayler: "A lot of people are wearing their hearts instead of their eyes." As they have since 1903, the Sox fans will be watching this month, but with emotions in check, waiting for proof from their old fans.

—EAL QUINN with DAN BRADSHAW in Boston



Clemens, solid front-line pitching and a healthy first-place lead



Stevens and DAN BRADSHAW in Boston

# READY IN THE OUTFIELD

COVER

In the fall of 1989 fans united upon the yet-to-be-former Toronto Blue Jays. On Oct. 31, George Atkinson Bell was born in San Pedro de Macoris, Dominican Republic. The birth of June Lee Barfield followed eight days later in Jalisco, Ill., and seven days after that, Jeff Anthony Mosby drew breath in Portland, Ark. Years later the two men who run the Blue Jays retained Bell, Barfield and Mosby as their starting outfield.

And now, as the Jays struggle to repeat as American League (AL) East champions, many experts agree that the trio of 26-year-olds comprises the best outfield in baseball. "It is a very talented group," said John Schmeitzel, general manager of the Kansas City Royals. "They have the physical skills. They're young, they're aggressive, and they seem to complement each other. I can't think of another outfield group better."

**Shoggy:** Statistics tell part of the story. By the end of play on Sept. 5, with 27 games left in the regular season, the three Jays' outfielders had a combined batting average of nearly .300 and had slugged 70 home runs and drove in 269 runs. No outfield is in either the American or National leagues could match those numbers. Cleveland Indians manager Pat Corrales compared the three Jays with the 1980 Oakland A's outfield of Rocky Henderson, Dwight Gooden and Tony Arana, which batted .285 and hit 57 home runs and 230 runs batted in (RBIs) for the full season. Added Corrales of the Jays' contingent: "I would say this is a better outfield." Said Tony Kubek, Jays broadcaster and New York Yankees shortstop: "They are the best three in right now. No one else is even close."

So effective have the Jays' outfielders been that both Bell and Barfield (along with Jays shortstop Tony Fernandez) are considered strong candidates for the league's Most Valuable Player award—particularly if the Jays

win their division. The three outfielders often find themselves competing for individual honors, but they remain good friends. "We love each other," Mosby says simply, adding that the competition spurs each of them on to greater achievements. Barfield recalled that in spring training a reporter asked Bell to predict how many home runs he would hit this year. "How many did Jesus say he'd hit?"



Bell: a hard-nosed player and a bat that does the talking

Bell replied, "I'd hit Barfield and hit 36." Bell said, "Then I'm going to hit 36." By last Friday night they were well within range of those goals. Barfield had 30 homers and Bell 29, both among the American League leaders.

**Youth:** Despite their youth the three outfielders are all big-league veterans who had the luxury of coming up with a few seasons in the majors. Pat Gillick, the Jays' executive vice-president, said the team believed that it was just a matter of time before the threesome "matured into the players

that they are at the moment. And because of their age, we don't think that they've reached their potential yet."

Mosby was the first to make it to the major leagues. Signed as a celebrated high school star in Oakland, Calif., the six-foot, three-inch centre fielder played only two full seasons of minor-league baseball before jumping to the Jays in May, 1989. His next three years were disappointing. But he had an outstanding season in 1990 and he has performed consistently ever since, this year making the AL All-Star team. As the Jays continued to chase in an league-wide Boston last month, Mosby, a left-handed batter, delivered a grand-slam home run to help defeat Minnesota and a game-winning single against Cleveland the following day. At weekend play began, he was batting .322 with 20 homers and 76 RBIs, and he had stolen 29 bases.

**Style:** Beyond his statistics, Mosby is noted for his style. Nicknamed the "Shocker" for the way he eluded defenders in high school basketball, he plays baseball with a calm confidence, complete with snappy one-handed catches. "I get called 'hot dog' because I do things flashy or different," he said. "But I'm just having fun out there. I think the day I stop having fun I'm going to quit the game because that's what it's all about for me." Mosby, who lives in Louisville, Ky., in the off-season, and he enjoys playing in Toronto. He is philosophical about the fact that he and his teammates do not receive as much recognition in the United States as the stars in such media centers as New York and Los Angeles. "The cameras are always focused on those cities," he said. "Real baseball players realize the talent we have over here in Toronto. That's what matters: we prove really respect us. In some seasons, I think they fear us."

They certainly fear Barfield, the powerfully built right fielder who was

beating 299 and had driven in an impressive 80 runs. Like Mosby, Barfield was no overnight sensation. The Jays drafted him in 1977 only after scout Bobby Mattick spotted him. "He had good actions," recalled Mattick, now a Jays vice-president. "He was field, he had a good arm and he was a pretty polished outfielder." Still, Barfield spent five seasons in the minors before making the parent club in September, 1981. Even then he did not become a full-time starter until last year. He responded by hitting 27 homers and among his strong, accurate arm to throw out 25 base runners, best in the AL.

**Breakup:** Barfield struggled, however, at the start of this year. "He hit the bell well," said Jays batting instructor Cito Gaston. "It's just that he didn't get any breaks." Barfield recovered in time to make the AL All-Star squad. But even during the worst of the slump he said he never lost his self-confidence, a steadiness he attributes in part to his religion. On June 30, 1992—he is quick to recall the exact date—he attended a biblically inspired session at the home of then-teammate Ray Lee Jackson and became a born-again Christian. "It keeps me more relaxed," Barfield said. "Not passive, but I think it helps me put things in perspective. I go out three days in and day out and just do the best I can."

Bell's efforts have been equally impressive. A free-swinging left fielder, Bell, whose home town of San Pedro de Macoris has provided half of the 200 Dominicans playing pro ball in North America, was drafted from the Philadelphia Phillies' organization in 1980. After an injury-plagued minor-league career, he was promoted to Toronto three years later and hit 22 and 26 homers in 1984 and 1985. This year Kansas City manager Dick Howser, who also managed the AL All-Star team, did not choose Bell for the star squad despite his superb play—a slight that outraged Bell's teammates. "He got screwed last year and he's getting screwed this year," catcher Ernie Latham said. "What said at the time."

**Reliance:** Many Jays players believe Bell was passed over because of his reputation as a hot-head, a characteristic that has caused some problems on several occasions. Most celebrated in the Jays, 1986, incident in which Bell, hit by a pitch, charged the mound and tried to harm pitcher Steve Carlton. In 1988, Bruce Kison Bell had also clashed with con-



Mosby: Barfield (below) outstretching the competition by living each other

troumental comments. After a questionable call during last year's American League Championship Series with the Royals, he accused the umpires of being anti-Canadian and anti-Hispanic. "I was in the clubhouse and the press 'Wow, man, he said in response to a request for an interview last week 'I don't talk. That's just me.' But when of his teammates say that not only is Bell an angry player—but



that he's got 108 runs at week's end—and that his reputation is undeserved. They say he simply plays hard. "He gives 100 per cent," said Whitt. "As a teammate I think he's an outstanding guy." Added Gaston: "You give me a 24 George Bell on a ball club. He's a good guy off the field but when he's on the field he's there to beat your butt."

Bell also plays with chronic knee problems, and Jays officials say that next year they may use him partly as a designated hitter in an effort to prolong his career. He and Barfield, both said to be making about \$920,000 in 1992, will undoubtedly seek substantial raises when their one-year contracts expire at the end of the season. Mosby, who is earning about \$850,000 this year, is on a two-year contract that expires due after the 1993 season. In the real world of professional baseball, it is by no means certain that the Jays will keep their outfield intact even that long. "We'd like to keep it together for as long as possible," said Gillick. "But we do have some players in the minors who we think are going to be breaking on the door within a year or two. That's a nice problem to have." For Bell, Barfield and Mosby, the problem area is how to help their team overtake Boston, and in the process, prove beyond a doubt that they are the best outfield in the game.

—BOB LEVIN in Toronto

# THE METS MAGIC

COVER

In 1968, Americans landed on the moon. More implausibly, the New York Mets won their first world championship—and Met pitcher Tom Seaver gave the city's Shea Stadium a new tattoo: "You Gotta Believe! This year Met believers march to a different drumbeat: 'You Gotta Expect!' As the long season entered its final weeks, the team stood at the top of the eastern division of the National League with 98 wins and 43 losses—an authoritative 19 games ahead of Philadelphia's Phillies, and 23½ in front of Montreal's once-mighty Expos.

But in the neighborhood bars and taverns where Met fans gather, often watching three different games simultaneously, ultra-film style, there is an air of disbelief that so talented a team

could still lose 43 games. The 1986 Met fan is a new breed, the apocryphal perfectionist. Back in his mid-60s, was a rabid Brooklyn Dodger fan back in the 1950s, before the franchise migrated to Los Angeles. Baseball never was the same, until now. "This is the first time in 35 years," he said, "that I can recite the entire roster of any team." When the Mets won the first game in September, Nick celebrated by reciting the Big Five of the pitching staff: "Roger McDowell, 13-7; Bob Ojeda, 15-4; Dwight Gooden, 15-4; Ron Darling, 11-5; and Fernandez, 15-4." It sounded like an incantation.

Young Vince, a child when the Mets won the 1969 Series—their only world championship—has been a Met devotee for a decade, during which the

team was seldom in contention. "Now I get depressed when they lose. How can they?" After the West Coast swing in August, they had an 8-1 record, the best ever out there, and I keep thinking about the one we lost." Vince was triste last week when Gooden, the premier pitcher in baseball last year, struck out 10 batters and lost by one run to the San Francisco Giants.

**Sacred:** That special feeling of invulnerability derives from the team's statistics—the sacred arches that courtrooms baseball fans across the continent. By the end of August the Mets had 11 wins and one loss against Pittsburgh's lively Pirates. Their record against other clubs—the St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs (9-5 in each case)—also bore great expectations. More extreme statistics were equally impressive. The Mets have won 25 out of 42 one-run games, come from behind to win 35 times and, on 75 occasions when they led after seven innings of play, won 73 times.

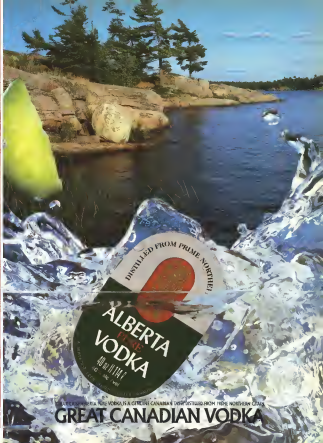
In fact, by June the Mets had registered a 31-13 win-loss record, the best since their 25-year history. Only during one brief period in August did the team lose as many as four games in a row—to the Phillies and the Cardinals. To some incredulous supporters, the slump seemed even longer, because the Mets lost six games out of 17, increasing their division lead to 36 games. But that was clearly an aberration. The Mets are a streak team, but the streaks are almost always of the winning kind: one 11-game run—the season's longest—as well as one eight-game, two seven-game, two six-game, two five-game and seven three-game ones.

**Tape:** When this magical Met season began last April, it seemed unlikely that the boyish Leong Dykstra, age 23, would be among the league's leading hitters in September. Or that five players in the regular lineup—Dykstra, Willy Eckman, Mookie Wilson, Keith Hernandez and Ray Knight—would all hit over .290 by fall. Or that Gooden, with 24 wins in 1985 against only four losses, the best in baseball, would disappoint Mets fans by registering a 13-4 record by Labor Day. Or that star catcher Gary Carter, a former Rip, would be sidelined for 15 days with torn ligaments in his thumb while the team won 10 of 13 games.

On the field, the youthful team conjures up memories among many fans of 1955, when the Brooklyn Dodgers were building a club that would win five of the next eight pennants. For the fans, young and old, the 1986 Mets are once again standing on the threshold of baseball history.

—DAVID BORKEN in New York

Carlen as air of disbelief that so talented a team could still lose 43 games



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# Movie masterpieces

SPECIAL REPORT

At the gala opening of the Festival of Festivals in Toronto last week, an unusually large troupe of politicians shared the spotlight with the stars. Staggering from limousines were Ontario Premier David Peterson, federal Communications Minister Flora MacDonald and three provincial cabinet ministers. It did not matter that the movie they were celebrating is largely about sex. Or that it bears the ominous title *Docteur de l'American Empire*. Or that its

Canadian thespians this week. Yves Simard's gritty *Pouvoir* (intimate *Power*) has already proved that a Quebec-made thriller can compete head-to-head with Hollywood at the manner box office. And Anne Trister, a poetic drama directed by Lila Pool, created a sensation at the Berlin Film Festival this year. It also ran for 23 weeks in Montreal theatres.

A younger generation of moviemakers, along with such veterans as Armand, is making a new kind of film, one that manages to be both personal and commercial. These movies are sleek and panned, but their intelligence is really distant from both Hollywood formulas and the province's own stereotypes. The first Quebec movie to attract major notice is English Canada, 1971's *Monsieur Antoine*, left a lingering image of a sled carrying a coffin through the snow. By contrast, in *Docteur* a group of well-manicured women drive from an urban health club to a modern country cottage in a shiny new (page 50). In making *Docteur*, said director Armand, "I was very careful to remove any notion of Quebec. The world Quebec isn't even

stated. The characters have other preoccupations." As French critic Maurek pointed out, "Docteur could be based anywhere, which is the strength of the movie."

**Self-made:** In the past, Quebec moviemakers used the screen to celebrate the distinctiveness of the province's politics, history, landscapes and language. While English-Canadian directors such as Norman Jewison and Ted Kotcheff gravitated to Hollywood, their francophone counterparts had little choice but to develop their own mythology and skills within Quebec's culture. To help finance their more ambitious projects, several producers created a cottage industry in soft-core sex films. The first was the 1965 hit *Halbère*, the story of a young woman who had escaped from a convent. And 1970's *Brux-Jewison* (or *Don Women in Gold*), in which two bored housewives dalled with deliverymen, still holds the box office record as Quebec's highest-grossing film, with \$2.6 million in local box office revenues. Although crudely commercial, those movies helped the industry build a production base for what has become Canada's strongest cinematic tradition.

When Toronto's Festival of Festivals prepared a retrospective of 150 Canadian movies in 1981, more than half were from Quebec. And when Canadian and international



Pool, telling stories more powerfully, creating a sensation at the Berlin film festival

directors, Denis Armand, was once notorious for making films that depicted politicians as gangsters (page 48). The dogmatists were sulking a milestone in Canadian cinema, few, if any, movies made in Canada have generated such widespread enthusiasm as *Docteur*. It received the International Critics Prize at Cannes and has broken box office records in Quebec. Over the next few weeks it will open across Canada, and distribution rights have been sold to 25 countries. After its Toronto premiere, Armand teased the jubilant audience with a self-deprecating quip, then said, "I knew you people like this kind of showbiz."

**Enchantment:** Canada's movie industry as a whole is gaining confidence, telling stories more clearly and powerfully than ever. Next week two Canadian films, *Docteur* and the Toronto-made *Dancing in the Dark*, are showing at the esteemed New York Film Festival. And *Copkiller*, shot in Alberta, has stirred excitement at festivals in both Montreal and Toronto. But nowhere is the vitality of Canadian moviemaking more apparent than in Quebec. Along with *Docteur*, hailed by Philippe J. Maarek, the Paris-based vice-president of the French Critics Union, as one of the five best North American films of the year, two other French-language hits are opening in English



Scene from *Pouvoir* (above); Armand (below): film often dark with violence and the rough dialects of the street

crimes selected a Top-10 list from the retrospective, seven of their choices were Quebec films. Most reflected the province's political and cultural upheavals of the late 1960s and early 1970s. *Les ordres* (*Orders*), directed by Michel Brault, dramatizes the psychological horror of five people secretly imprisoned during the 1970 October Crisis. The final scene of *La vie au sucre de Bernardin* (*The True Nature of Bernardin*), directed by Gilles Carle in 1972, shows its heroine pined with a rifle overlooking an expressway blocked by a farmers' demonstration.

**Murdered:** The rupture of a society in transition between country and city is a frequent theme in movies of that era, especially in Carle's. His heroines are constantly returning to nature to discover their identity. In his 1973 movie *La mort d'un Médecin* (*Death of a Lawyer*), a young woman goes into the bush to search for her father, who has been murdered. Quebec films are full of lost fathers, symbolizing a lost fatherland. Director Jean-Pierre Lefebvre expressed the idea most directly with his 1971 classic, *Les yeux dans le Bush* (*Eyes in the Bush*). *The Old Country Where Grandfather Died*—the story of a man searching for his ancestral roots in France.

But the nostalgic obsession and militant dreams that once characterized Quebec cinema weakened with the collapse of the *Indépendance* movement. At the same time, searching for independent Canadian features died up as investment in television increased. The slump forced the province's moviemakers to reassess their priorities. Said Roger Frappier, who helped produce *Docteur*, *Anne Trister* and *Pouvoir* (above) while working for the National Film

Board (NFB) last year, "Indépendance didn't happen. The party's over. Our directors now realize they have to reach a broader public. And there is a new breed of producers who want to make quality cinema that is both commercial and accessible."

As new styles of Quebec cinema emerge, audiences and critics are displaying skepticism with those who refuse to adapt. Carle, who has made 21 feature films, is the acknowledged master of Quebec's cinematic

tradition of film-making. But his latest movie, *La galeuse* (*The Rag*), a melodrama about vengeance, provoked a vociferous response from critics at last month's film festival in Montreal. A francophone leader in the French-language daily *Le Devoir* posed the question: "Death of a filmmaker?" Before *La galeuse*'s premiere, Carle appeared to be expecting the worst: "People never like my films when they first open," he said. "But then they always talk about my past work and say I'm a great director."

**Keep kids:** Most of his generation, Carle began his career making documentaries at the NFB. With headlines in Montreal, the board still plays a key role in Quebec cinema, and it helped launch the province's new wave of dramatic features. Last year the NFB's Frappier set up a workshop at the board where the future directors of *Docteur* and *Anne Trister* discussed their scripts. Said Frappier, "I wanted to see them make films that reflected their own lives. Too many directors were working on commercial projects for someone else."

Meanwhile, the NFB has also helped Anglo-Quebec moviemakers to find a distinctive voice. Funding *Crackin'* and







Hollywood studio bosses were noticeably absent last May when Montreal director Denis Arnaud's *Le Déshé de l'empereur* (The Decline of the American Empire) debuted to enthusiastic reviews at the Cannes film festival. Fearful of European reactions, many American studios had staged home. But reports of Arnaud's film spread, and last month he flew to Los Angeles to discuss the possibility of directing an American remake of *Decline* with Hollywood stars. It was Arnaud's first visit to Los Angeles, and he soon found himself attending exclusive luncheon parties in the backdrops of Beverly Hills. And the director: "I'm a very good tennis player, and that is a major social asset in L.A." Suddenly Arnaud, who has spent much of his film-making career dissecting the decadence of the wealthy and powerful, was scoring points in the heart of the American film empire.

Carned. Arnaud, 45, is one of Canada's most provocative and versatile directors. Even before scoring a hit with *Decline*, he had carved out an international reputation with his highly distinctive style of film-making. His 1979 documentary, *On set en coton* (On set in Cotton), was an aggressive exposé of the Quebec textile industry. Its title is a pun on a Quebec expression meaning "We're fed up." The movie caused as much controversy that the National Film Board (NFB) banned it for five years. Arnaud's 1973 dramatic feature, *Régimes Pénitentiels*, a gothic tale of corruption among Montreal politicians and mafia leaders, was a hit at the festivals in New York, London, Cannes and Berlin. More recently he extended his reach to English-language television by directing three episodes of the CBC's popular 1982 mini-series *Empire*. In his *Decline* movie a breakthrough for Arnaud, and for Quebec cinema as a whole. Robert Duvall's, Quebec's leading film architect, said "It's no accident that the breakthrough happened with Arnaud. He has always had an original approach to fiction, and eventually it was bound to reach a broader audience."

Most of Arnaud's previous films have been far less suc-



Arnaud at Toronto's Festival of Festivals. (by assistant Jonathan Davis)

## Savage thrusts from a satirist's blade

SPECIAL REPORT

with the negotiations. But I'm not that eager to do it." Instead, he is intrigued to rewrite the script for his next film, a project that may elicit suspicion that he is about to blast his satirical edge for commercial gain. Titled *Jesus of Montreal*, it is the story of an out-of-work actor who supports himself by playing Jesus in local religious pageants. Arnaud developed the idea after watching an actor who specialized for having a beard because he was moonlighting as Jesus in such pageants—arouse thousands to an era when Quebec culture was heavily influenced by Roman Catholicism.

Strictly like the rest of his generation, Arnaud was born in a society dominated by the church. The eldest of five children, he grew up in the village of Deschambault near Quebec City. When Denis was 30, his parents moved to Montreal, where they enrolled him in a Jewish school. Under the *dehors* strict teachings, he developed his respect-

able than *dehors*. Forming an early contempt of social conflict in Quebec, he portrayed a harsh and unflinching world of gangsters, politicians, smugglers and strikers. Pierre Bessière, who programs Canadian films for Toronto's Festival of Festivals, said Arnaud "is like a Jean-Paul Sartre in his vision of Quebec society. He has an incredibly acerbic, corrosive attitude."

But with *Decline*, Arnaud avoids specific Quebec references. His characters are French-speaking intellectuals estranged by American culture. And they spend most of the film talking about sex, a subject that readily transcends national boundaries.

**Virgin:** Sliding into a dinner of blood sausage during a recent interview in a Montreal restaurant, Arnaud spoke enthusiastically about the success of *Decline*. Making a film that is verbally rather than visually explicit is "an original approach," he said. "The eye has seen everything, but the ear is virgin." For all that, Arnaud appears more amazed than excited about the prospect of directing a *Decline* remake for Americans who are unwilling to read subtitles. "It would be fun to make a Hollywood movie," he said. "And I'm curious to see what happens

while playing *Jesus* and learned to act onstage in the classical plays of the 17th-century French playwright Molière.

Arnaud obtained an M.A. in history at the University of Montreal, where he first encountered the nationalism of Quebec's Quiet Revolution and currents of European Marxism. In 1963 the graduate historian was a job at the NFB, where he helped prepare a documentary history of Canada for the 1967 Centennial. He finished his shorts at the NFB before spending a year and a half making his first feature-length film, *On set en coton*, as a freelance project while the NFB denied to present the release of the film, he said, "was a blessing in disguise. Overnight, students were showing out copies on video. Suddenly an obscure documentary film-maker was the talk of the town."

But before the controversy erupted, Arnaud already had another 1974 feature documentary under way, *Quebec: Duplicates of a crime*—(Quebec, Duplication and After). A satirical look at the 1970 Quebec election campaign, it too



Scene from *La cruce d'Ovide Flouffe*: blood vengeance and a Jesus from a religious pageant

was highly controversial: the director courted outrage by narrating speeches by René Lévesque with clips of Quebec's corrupt former premier Maurice Duplessis to suggest similarities between the two. Arnaud soon followed with his first dramatic feature, a scholastic story of greed and violence titled *La Maudite Galeste* (The Damned Loaf). Although it failed at the box office, it was critical focus at Cannes in 1972.

**Volupté:** Arnaud made a stronger impact the next year with *Régimes Pénitentiels*, his scathing drama about greed and vulgarity in high society. The reputation for the film came from strangely disparate sources. Arnaud borrowed the basic plot from a historical account of the Roman emperor Nero's murder of his wife. The corruption of Quebec politics provided the setting, while filming Quebec Duplessis again. Arnaud had become fascinated with a Union Nationale candidate who had Mafia ties. *Régimes*

*Pénitentiels* is about the unfaithful wife of a Montreal mobster. He marries her after a long party with some politicians who are to open a new auto rental firm. The final scenes have an explicit rape, the camera pans across the ruins of wrecked homes along the auto route's path, while a concrete river burns the body of the mobster's wife under the new roadway. It is a vision of unbridled mayhem.

In 1977 Arnaud turned his attention to the Quebec working class with *Gino*, the story of a stripper who is raped by a gang of neo-fascists. A subplot, adapted from Arnaud's own experience, concerns a group of film-makers who get to know the stripper while making a documentary about toilet workers. The film plays heavily on the contrast between industrial and sexual exploitation.

**Génius:** *Génius* was Arnaud's last original film drama until *Decline* 12 years later. Financing problems forced him to seek more commercial projects. He moved into television, writing the script for the French CBC's hit mini-series *Duplessis* in 1979 and directing *Régimes*, his episodes for

the CBC directed his younger brother, actor Gabriel Arnaud, in 1980's *Le crime d'Ovide Flouffe*, a courtroom sequel to Gilles Carle's film *Les Fugitifs*. Recalling that venture, the director said, "It's not that I'm ashamed of it, but I wasn't getting my girls on the table."

In that same period, Arnaud made one movie that did bear his satirical signature: *Le Couplet* or *Indigence* (Cynicism and Indifference), a scathing documentary parodying both sides of Quebec's 1982 referendum on independence. The film exposed Arnaud's, and Quebec's, mounting disillusionment with politics.

**Burning:** *Decline* is Arnaud's most personal movie, based on his own experiences and those of close friends. "For a change, I wanted to do a film about people that I really knew," he said. The result is at once a daring and exorcising film of anti-dirty writing out abandoned ideas and crumbling relationships. Arnaud, who is separated after a 14-year childless marriage, said he has tried to portray a generation "that has made individual happiness a higher priority than collective sacrifice. But I'm not making any moral judgments."

Arnaud's career mirrors Quebec's cultural evolution over the past two decades. His focus has shifted from the national to the personal, from political issues of oppression to sexual trauma of influence. He appears to reflect the paradox of his position. Essentially, he has made a sea of film about intellectuals—and an intellectual film about sex. Finally, he has found a way of selling to the American exportive selective vision of his own belief.

—BRAND J. JOHNSON in Montreal

# Conversations with sexual gluttons

SPECIAL REPORT

## THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

Directed by Denis Arnaud

**T**he tale is *deceptive*. The *Decline of the American Empire* consists of personal confessions, not political testament. And its characters spend far more time discussing the pleasures of sex than worrying about the fate of civilization.

But the subject of this extraordinary film by Montreal director Denis Arnaud is, in fact, deception itself—the layers of white lies that add up to sexual decay. Most of the time, *Decline* is a convivial comedy of manners about the joys and horrors of sexual seduction. But by the end, it ripens into an emotional drama of surprising depth—and a disturbing comment on the human condition.

**Sensuality** The story concerns four men and four women who have arranged a dinner party like every 19th-century French aristocrat. The men, all history professors, spend the afternoon preparing a gourmet feast at a luxurious lakeside cottage, while their female companions, who will join them later, exercise together in an urban athletic complex. It is a graphic role reversal. The men work on the meat, surrounded by natural beauty; the women work on their muscles, strength and stretching (and) exercise but oddly sensual landscapes of concrete and artificial turf. Safely segregated, members of both groups exchange giddy accounts of their amorous exploits.

**Bevy** (Romy Grenier), the only man with a long, wedding marriage, is the most modest philosopher. For him, the highest form of sexuality is visiting a brothel on the way to see his mistress. His wife, Louise (Dorelle Remy), listens to her female friends discuss their affairs, unaware that sexual involvement for paddy and promiscuous husband. And the reptilian Pierre (Pierre Corri) practices serial monogamy, treating his love and sex as a puzzle.

The character of Dominique (Dominique Michel), a sadistic author, is the most intellectual of all the women. When the characters are united at the dinner party, she impulsively voices a revelation that abruptly shatters the group's harmony. And, by any means, her pronouncements highlight the film like a Greek chorus. "Our society's dream is desire for individual happiness," she declares, "may well be ha-

toriously linked to the decline of the American empire."

*Decline* bristles with ideas on subjects ranging from Marxism to premenstrual syndrome. But much of the discourse, and the comedy, centers on the raw dynamics of alienated sex. Early in the film, heading dough for the fish served in pastry, Claude (Yves Jacques), a homosexual, describes a dangerous world of anonymous one-night stands in the locker room, Diane (Louise Portal), confesses a taste for masochism. Her lover is a leather-clad stranger, portrayed by the director's brother, Gabriel Arnaud. His lurking presence during cooking and dinner is a devil counterpart to the star man. Says Gabriel: "They spent all afternoon discussing sex. I expected an orgy. Instead, the big thrill is a fish pie."

**Sex** Unlike most movies that deal with sex, *Decline* encompasses an unfolding rather than depicting the act. It is almost exclusively devoted to the sexual desire. But Arnaud has interest the conversations with the formal elegance of a symphony, and each frame is rich with movement. In the kitchen, raw eggs slipping into a Cocteau panache Pierre's views on passion. In the health club, the women voice their indifference to the slow-dancing rhythms of Nevelin music. Later, after the party, images of the death-gay late at dawn show through the final scenes with chilling effect.

On two value, Arnaud's outlook seems extremely barren. His characters represent an intelligence that has traded its ideals and visions for a life of instant gratification. Although he uses the group's cynicism to paint a caustic portrait of Western culture, Arnaud still elicits a deep sympathy for his characters. And despite the gravity of the ending, the film's overall effect is uplifting.

*Decline* achieves a rare combination of urbanity and compassion. With exceptional intelligence and wit, it marks the best of both the American and European film-making traditions. Moreover, while it strikes a universal chord, Arnaud's film is unmistakably Québécois in its sensibility—bizarre but introspective, nihilistic but graceful. *Decline* easily ranks as one of the finest Canadian movies ever made. Even by international standards, it qualifies as a masterpiece.

—ERIAN B. JOHNSON



Portal, Michel, Remyman, Jacques, Pierre, Gabriel Arnaud (bottom) left



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Gibbs, *Léolo*: *Léolo* in the face of poverty, with humor and reggae rhythms

#### SETTING IN LIMBO

Directed by John N. Smith

**L**ooking highly successful producer, to *Days*, the National Film Board's *Silence in Limbo* features mostly amateur actors incorporating their own lives. It is a tragicomic narrative about two often unemployed Caribbean youths in Montreal, and its dialogue is so realistic that it is hard to know whether to credit the actors or screenwriters David Wilson and John N. Smith. Director Smith has created Canada's first fictional feature about black life in this country—but his greater triumph is that *Limbo* is a warm, stirring, convincing film.

**Pat** (Pat O'Brien) is an 18-year-old West Indian woman who shares an apartment with two girlfriends and their babies. The apartment is all but empty of furniture. There, Pat discovers that she too is pregnant. When Fabian (Fabian Gibbs), lovable but incurably irresponsible, learns that he is the father, he tries a shabby apartment. There, without a scrap of furniture, the lovers risk out a new life.

Warily, *Limbo* steps away from pity, transcending the bleak situation of its protagonists with plenty of humor and reggae music. After Fabian lands a warehouse job—where actor Gibbs actually worked—he decides he is entitled to a new car. Filled with booze and virtually priceless, he strolls into an automobile showroom and discusses payment terms on a \$13,000 car.

*Limbo's* funny moments are precious, but it also attacks the ugly reality of racism: a judge who refuses to let the black couple's apartment and an assistant who encourages Fabian to leave school. *Limbo's* insight and the instinctive performance of its cast make it one of the most genuinely likable Canadian films in recent memory.

—GREGORY FRAYER

#### POEVOIR INTIMÉ

Directed by Yves Simoneau

**P**oivreur intime (*Intimate Power*) is a lean, slow-burning (buttle) about a robbery gone wrong. A straitlaced policeman with a wife (Jacques Goffin), an aging ex-convict, is hijacked on a summer track. The official is determined to retrieve a bag of incriminating evidence from the truck's payload, and so get it he is willing to let Taini keep the vehicle's cargo of cash. Taini's reluctant accomplices include his teenage son, his former cell mate, a hardened thief named Rocane (Marie Tête) and one of the truck's guards.

Their robbery is carefully planned but poorly executed. An unexpected shootout leaves another guard lying trapped and wounded in the back of the stolen truck. Later, at the thieves' hideout in an abandoned warehouse, he refuses to come out. There is a long, late-night vigil of frayed nerves as the thieves try to force him out. Meanwhile, the impatient official, pacing in

his government office, mopes to break the stalemate.

With stark images and sparse dialogue, Montreal director Yves Simoneau skillfully builds a sense of claustrophobic tension. Each of the characters is trapped in a particular way, clinging to the desperate illusion of being in personal control—the "intimate power" referred to in the title. Although the plot lacks the high-stakes energy of a conventional thriller, it is quietly compelling. And the accelerating suspense is offset by a sinister undercurrent of irony, veering on the absurd. Balancing excitement with psychological insights, *Poivreur* entertains with subtle power.

—BRIAN J. JOHNSON

#### ANNE TRISTE

Directed by Léo Pool

**Q**uebec's Léo Pool is quickly proving himself to be a filmmaker of sensitivity and substance. In her first feature, 1985's *Le Roman de l'Idéal* (A Woman in Transit), Pool masterfully documented the interplay of two women's emotions. Pool's latest autobiographical second film is a delicate coming-of-age story about Anne (Anne Gauthier), a Jewish Swiss woman in her early 30s who is witness by the death of her father. After his funeral in the Israeli desert, dark-haired Anne leaves her mother and boyfriend behind in Europe and flies to an uncertain new life in Quebec, a ghostly landscape where surreal illusions of neon-lit pass in the winter night.

A frustrated artist, Anne dreams of purging herself of her psychological demons and regaining the inspiration to paint. In Montreal she finds a surrogate father in Simon (Noyan Odagovic), a Jewish restaurateur who feeds her lunches and pays the rent on her industrial-size loft. She also befriends Alex (Louise Marleau), a motherly child psychiatrist. But this self-analysis Anne, assembly parts and repairs the walls of her life in conflicting designs and colors, matching her shifting moods. Meanwhile, her affection for Alex grows to a fierce erotic attachment. But then her boyfriend arrives from Europe.

In confronting him, Anne has to face her own changing psyche. Anne Triste is cerebral and self-reliant, but it is also perceptive and tender. And many will recognize their own internal struggles in Anne's psychological journey.

—G.P.

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For two weeks last month, Warner pop-born singer **Glasgow MacKenzie**, 56, replaced **Juan Cooper** in the role of Kay Connors on the daytime drama *The Young and the Restless*. It was a smooth transition, although MacKenzie said that "they don't have time on soaps to do much rehearsing. Some guy comes over, taps you on the shoulder and says, 'To the way, the way now.'" MacKenzie says that she got her first big break in 1961 when **Bob Crowley** hired her as a singer on his TV show—and that before she took the job, "the MacKenzies checked me out. I guess I was okay because the next thing I knew I was in Hollywood."

Five years ago **Sally Quinn** quit her job as a *Washington Post* reporter to write a novel. Last month *Regrets Only*, a story of a supper partner and sexual romps set in Washington that Quinn describes as "a comedy of manners," finally appeared. Some critics have been harsh. *Read The Washington News magazine*: "The only settings described are the clubs and bars found in Georgetown dancer tables." But Quinn, 45, declared, "Fervent, vindictive reviews do arouse people's curiosity, and that could help sell the book." Asked whether it will provoke guessing games about the real people on whom the characters are based, Quinn said: "I hope so. I want people to be talking and screaming." But she added, "The only real names in it are restaurants."

During their 18-year partnership, **Pauli Hall** and **John Oates** sold more than 40 million records, making them the best-selling pop duo in history. But 36-year-old Hall says that the re-



FWACOTT (above): **Pauli Hall**; **Bertone**: **Lucy Daniels**

lease of his new solo album, *Three Rivers* in the *Happy Ending Machine*, says he's still kept to establish himself as a solo performer. A single from *Rivers* is climbing up the charts, and disc jockeys, evidently intrigued by the album's title, are giving it a lot of play. But Hall, "Two hearts sound very nice, but three hearts have a lot more tension." Hall added that the album was the result of a string of lucky breaks. He declared, "I almost called it *Happy Accidents*."

A combination of European novel-reading and pet pig inspired the idea for his first—and last—work of adult fiction, says **Robert Bertone**, 35, *Manpower*, whose theme Bertone describes as "sexual role playing," was published last year under a pseudonym, **Lisa Knowles**—a name that he says "I just made up." Now it has been produced as a four-part radio drama with a script by Bertone's

close friend **Usher Glasgow**, and it is scheduled to air on *car Radio's Morningdrive* from Oct. 6 to Oct. 16. Bertone said that the literary magazine *Quill & Quire* gave *Manpower* "a rave" and that it got "extraordinary good reviews" elsewhere until he revealed his authorship. Then, he said, "everybody attacked it."

As one of Charlie's Angels on the 1976-1981 hit TV series, **Farrah Fawcett** enjoyed instant celebrity. But she later shed her glamorous image to play a battered wife in the 1984 TV movie *The Burning Bed*. She has since made a specialty of playing tough, vengeful women in her new movie, *Kinboteira*, she plays a rape victim who turns on her attacker, and this fall will play *Nazi-bomber Beala Klayfield* in an ABC TV movie. Fawcett, 36, once told an interviewer, "I become famous before I had a craft." Casting directors apparently feel that she is a quick study.

Unique among TV game shows, *Jeopardy!* requires contestants to pose their answers as questions. Apparently it is a format that works: the original show, with host **Art Fleming**, ran from 1964 to 1975, and the current version, about to begin its third season, is rated as TV's second-most popular syndicated show (after another game show, *Wheel of Fortune*). Declared *Jeopardy!*'s producer-host, **Sudbury, Ont.** native **Alex Trebek**, 46: "I like seeing bright people rewarded for being bright." An 11-year veteran of game shows, Trebek said that at first he regarded hosting them as "merely an am-

useful job." Now, he said, "I have no time to do anything else." But he added, "I would like to marry **Linda Evans**," the star of *Dynasty*.

—Edited by **MARY MEYER**

# BEST OF TASTE



## BEEFEATER: Spirit of England



Asholt: Homosexual splendor and the clash between freedom and social stability

## OPERA

# Voices out of Utopia

A world premiere and an all-Canadian production, the performance was a fitting tribute to 1988, the International Year of Canadian Music. Kingston, Ont., composer George Asholt's opera, *Witshop*, received its first performance on Sept. 6 in Kitchener, Ont. Although it is set in Iowa, postwar 19th-century England and New England, mainly speaking the opera is a work of contemporary splendour. Adapted by the CBC Radio and the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony Orchestra, the full-length opera for over 100 musicians featured six soloists, two choirs and the symphony, conducted by Raffi Annamans. Although the budget did not allow for sets and costumes for the massive single performance at Kitchener's Centre in the Square, the evening was a stellar spend in Canadian contemporary music. Accessible and intelligent, the opera will be broadcast as part of the CBC's 50th anniversary celebration on the CBC Stereo network on Sept. 14 at 9 p.m. (CST in Newfoundland).

For Georgian-born Asholt, the performance was the culmination of a project that began 15 years ago when he was head of the music department at Queen's University in Kingston. Searching for a suitable subject for his opera, a collage in the university's history department, George Rowley, suggested that he write an opera about John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts. At first, Asholt and Winthrop seemed to be an unlikely hero

for a Canadian composition. But then he realized that some descendants of the New England colonists emigrated to Nova Scotia in the mid-18th century and helped to shape the New World according to their Puritan ethic.

Born in England in 1966, Winthrop was a natural leader and a tough-minded idealist. But as the colony's first governor, he soon found himself in a paradox: having left England in search of greater freedom, Winthrop became the arbiter of acceptable conduct in Boston in Asholt's opera, as in Winthrop's life, the governor's authority is challenged by Anne Hutchinson (Soprano Renatae Lesky). A strong-willed dissenter whose religious beliefs clashed with his own in the end, social conflicts compromise Winthrop's dream of a New Jerusalem. Said Asholt: "The colony was not Utopia at all, but it was a damn good try."

Asholt's opera is an innovative, multidimensional study of a man coming to terms with the enormous difficulties of winning power. Three different angles—Lucy Gray Evans, baritone Theodore Bump and bass Ursula Kaharava—portrayed Winthrop in youth, maturity and old age. In some scenes, two or more "Winthrops" engaged in spellbinding dialogue across the years. While its setting is historical, its conflicting themes of freedom and social stability make *Witshop* an unusually relevant opera.

—FAMULA YOUNG

## TELEVISION

# Politicians as cowboys

THE CHAMPIONS  
PART III: THE FINAL BATTLE  
(CBC, Sept. 18, 9 p.m.)

It is forces that change the course of history are deep, complicated and often not understood until many years have passed. But in the third and final installment of *The Champions*, filmmaker Donald Brittain (winner of Canadian politics between 1975 and 1985) into a cowboy-style shoot-out between two charismatic individuals: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his longtime archrival, Quebec Premier Louis Robitaille. Brittain's fast-paced assembly of archival footage and interviews with former politicians and their aides make a splendidly entertaining summary of such events as the 1980 referendum on Quebec's independence. But Canada's survival as a unified country depends less on blind chance and the personalities of two leaders than Brittain suggests. As political analysts, *Champions*, Part III is unconvincing.

The film, which picks up where the 1978 two-part series left off, mixes the mark in several ways. At times Brittain's attempts to elevate his subjects to the status of myth is embarrassing. Depicting Trudeau as a man on a grand tour after losing the 1979 election, *Champions* employs a costly shot of a museum in Britain, playfully intones, "Only the epic Canadian landscape had an kind of strength." As well, Brittain did not interview Trudeau or Lévesque. Instead, *Champions* features some of the same scenes—and most blandly—players, such as Trudeau aide James Goetsch and then-Quebec cabinet minister Claude Rivest.

Still, the film finally reveals some interesting behind-the-scenes detail. One of Lévesque's advisors talks how the Quebec cabinet had to decide on the phrasing of the referendum. After hours of debate, the ministers had failed to agree. Lévesque (philosophical) spoke over the meaning of the word "question." But Brittain's principal achievement is to convey a sense of urgency about a critical period. *Champions* does not explain why Québec seemed almost crushed, but it dramatically shows how

—JOHN HOSKINS

## BOOKS

# Power's profitable grip

CONTROLLING INTEREST:  
WHO OWNS CANADA?  
By Dana Francis

(Macmillan of Canada, 216 pages, \$24.95)

Most troubling business books of the past 10 years have celebrated the cult of the entrepreneur in a largely uncritical fashion. Increasingly readable and even fun, they delved into the titillating details of the usual, political and business lives of the country's major business people. But the mood is changing now: authors more frequently question the way business operates in Canada, the motives of business leaders and the consequences of their actions. *Controlling Interest: Who Owns Canada?*, by Toronto Star business writer Dana Francis, reflects both types of business writing, which is part of the book's problem. But it should appeal to those who like their business news as an anecdotal form and to those interested in a brighter future.

For the first two-thirds of *Controlling Interest*, Francis sketches in property style 38 of Canada's most powerful business dynasties. Some of the material is familiar, especially to readers of her newspaper columns. Her portraits include the prominent Weston, Eaton, Bronfman and Thomson and the not-so-well-known Webster, Imrie and Southern. But *Controlling Interest* takes on a new dimension in its final third. There, Francis gets down to what she does best in her journalism: attacking the unexamined nature of the country's business world—and its harmful impact.

Canada, as Francis depicts it, is a nation owned, controlled and managed by a small, interconnected network of company owners who rely on a willing government to preserve their power. In the United States only 15 of the 500 wealthiest families owned 60 per cent of the country's wealth. In Canada, 500 stock index are dominated by a single large shareholder. By contrast, in 378 of Canada's 400 largest corporations, controlling interest of at least 15 per cent is held by a single stockholder or conglomerate.

Francis says that the lack of real competition in Canada is a result of Canadians' inherent faith in a government-managed economy. She draws a link between that faith and the fact that one-third of Canadians work either for governments, their agencies or Crown corporations. Part of the danger of corporate concentration, she ar-

gues, is the opportunity for abuse—including the power of cartels to maintain both artificially high prices and tax loopholes that make it easier to inherit wealth than to create it.

Francis claims that Ontario's double efforts in the past to address the issue of entrenched economic concentration

are "a black hole of Canadian public policy." To dismantle the web of entitlements, attitudes and legislation that prop up the system, she recommends a tougher, American-style approach to everything from contract law to securities law. Although Francis's book is an awkward hybrid of pop journalism and serious analysis, it raises a provocative issue: whether members of the political elite will reform the system—and betray their friends in the corporate world in the process.

—PATRICIA BRY

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# Vimy's bloody victory

VIMY

By Pierre Berton  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$16 pages,  
\$21.95)

Nearly 70 years after the famous First World War battle, the name Vimy is losing its magic for most Canadians. Few still look back to the Canadian victory at Vimy Ridge in northern France and feel stirred to patriotic fervor. But as Pierre Berton points out in his 250th book, Vimy was "a milestone" on Canada's journey toward nationhood, an impressive, thoroughly Canadian achievement that announced the end of the nation's colonial status. In concentrating on the technical and human detail of the battle, which took 3,598 Canadian lives, Berton has given great drama and immediacy to that turning point in Canadian history. But he does so at a cost. By leaning heavily on his nationalist drum, he frequently drowns out the deeper pathos and tragedy of a war that senslessly ended the lives of over 8.5 million young men from 16 countries.

Certainly, the capture of the ridge was a stunning feat. According to Ber-

ton, by 1917 the Allies had failed to achieve a single major victory, and the fighting had degenerated into the brutal stalemate of trench warfare. High on Vimy Ridge, German artillery dominated the flat countryside and created a major obstacle for Allied troops. Both British and French troops had been unable to take the hill, and few expected the Canadians to succeed. That they did so, Berton discusses, was less a tribute to their courage—great as that was—than to the overpowering precision of the Canadian artillery and the thoroughness of their brilliant general, a former real estate broker from Victoria, B.C., Arthur Currie.

In his book's most affectionate portrait, Berton writes that Currie bore little resemblance to a general. The overnight officer had watery blue eyes and, Berton declares, was "aboged

like a gigantic pear." But he also had a razor-sharp mind and was glibly deflected by the traditions and prejudices of the British officer class. Berton credits Currie's detailed preparations before Vimy with saving thousands of lives and points out that his unique approach of informing all his troops of the details of an attack had the "mole-building effect of making each man feel that he was trusted."

Equally innovative was his chief artillery officer, Soren McNeill, a university scientist. Andrew McNamara, who featured the Canadian guns to unprecedented standards of accuracy—an absolute necessity in order to silence the German batteries long enough for the Canadian infantry to advance.

Berton makes much of close and similar innovations. He also praises the easy, democratic relations that prevailed between the Canadian officers and their men. He contrasts them with the class-bound British system, which he says frequently led to confusion and making morale. But while there is



Berton dissection



25th Battalion of Vimy led by a brilliant, pear-shaped real estate broker

much truth in those claims, Berton downplays the achievements of the British for one thing; they created the tank, which was instrumental in helping to end the war in 1918. And as many records attest, there was often fierce loyalty between British troops and their young, upper-class officers. Indeed, Vimy is far less interesting

for Berton's opinions than for its detailed vignettes of individual soldiers. His vivid account of Mortimer Williams had in typical A crack sniper, killed four Germans in quick succession one afternoon in March, 1917, before his desperate disgust made him stop. Berton also gives Vimy considerable dramatic tension, which builds in-

creasingly to a single, haunting image. In the silent, pre-dawn moments before the attack, 30,000 Canadians stood by their guns. "The sound of the loose-loading men," Berton writes, "ringing all along the miles of trenches, was like the humming of a thousand gnawing bees." Then followed "the greatest artillery barrage in the history of warfare." In a mere 30 minutes, six million shells fell on the Germans, creating enough havoc to allow the advancing Canadians to achieve the first significant Allied victory of the war.

In the last pages of Vimy, Berton recalls how the battle generated deep stirrings of nationalism in Canada, fueling the sense of pride that lights the pages of his book. Such feelings are justified, but Berton's excessive trumpeting of them seems dangerously close at times to the jingoism that heightens international tensions. He does admit that whatever the First World War brought Canada, the deaths of thousands of young men was not worth it. But his uncontrasted boosterism, and his compelling fascination with the technicalities of the battle, frequently overshadow the deeper lesson of the war: that all that heroism and inventiveness was in the service of a pitiful slaughter.

—JOHN BISHOP

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## MUSIC

# Upbeat sounds for francophone blues

Faced with two telephone callers on hold and two visitors at the door one afternoon last week, Matt Soucier chose to ignore them all and slung into his chair. Three hours before the live *MusiquePlus* launch of *MusiquePlus*, the new French-language version of his *MacIntosh* rock video, he was nervously awaiting a president. Soucier appeared calm. But inside the surrounding cluster of the *MusiquePlus* storefront office in downtown Montreal, he said, "Perhaps I am only relaxed because I know that if anything is wrong with my plane at this point, we are simply dead." Six hours

later, after a raucous launch party for 1,500 guests, featuring entertainment by such performers as The Bux and Michel Rivard, Soucier, 42, was in a more expansive mood. "We are going to make it," he declared. "There is a mythology of talent here for us to keep building on." The industry is hailing the launch of Canada's first francophone rock video network, currently available only in Quebec, as a savior of the province's ailing pop industry. But whether it can help is an open question.



Scene from *MusiquePlus* launch: "There is a mythology of talent here."

The declining francophone music industry blames the weakening of nationalist emotions among young francophones Quebecers over the past 20 years. Although such immigrant-borne leaders as Golden Vaguet and Pâris Leclerc prospered during the 1970s, current chart toppers throughout the province are such imported favorites as the British band Karyn White and rock 'n' rollers Miley Lavin and the Four. Said Nathalie Petrovski, an entertainment writer with *Montreal's Le Devoir* newspaper: "The days when singers swapped themselves in a Quebec flag and won an automatic following are gone. Right now back to New York before any video."

Many francophone artists are taping in the same direction, performing

in English to gain access to a larger market. The Bux, an all-francophone rock group, is winning fans across Canada with its records, which are entirely in English. And Franco-Montreal singer Daniel Lavoie has just recorded his first all-English album, due for a November release. Meanwhile, other stars of Quebec's pop juggernaut are focusing their efforts on the European market. Legendary rocker Robert Charlebois and singers Diane Dufresne and Polanne Thibault have signed recording contracts in Paris. Said Charlebois: "The market is at least 10 times as big in France, and there are greater possibilities. You cannot conquer the country without going and living there."

Reasons of scale are a major frustration. Record company executives say that the cost of securing an album with top-quality sound costs as much as \$500,000. But for a record to make a profit in the small Quebec market, it generally has to be produced for less than \$150,000. Rob Brade is program director of the English-language album-oriented rock station *CKMT*, on which the *MacIntosh* and *MusiquePlus* labels are used by *CKMT*, the Toronto-based radio and TV conglomerate. Said Brade: "We absolutely can't afford to pay out French-Quebec music for airplay. But if the record sounds as though it were produced in a garage, you obviously cannot put it on the air."

Still, there are signs that the state of the Quebec pop industry is becoming more upbeat. Last year, to stimulate French-language music, are Quebec radio stations established the nonprofit corporation *Radio 101.5*. With access to nearly \$1.5 million annually in federal grants over the next five years, it has already helped many pop acts finance recording contracts. Declared 101.5's Scott, Muscivore's current president: "Instead of every-thing drifting and coasting, we are finally dealing with the problem." Now the industry is gambling that Mus-





# Egos in the highest places

By Allan Fotheringham

**A**MAN returning from his annual week-long incognito at a lonely island can see the future unfolding much more clearly. The crystal ball is no longer covered with mist. The entrails on the floor arrange themselves in distinct patterns, revealing a startling future. The most obvious portent, of course, is the frightful news that Pierre Elliott Trudeau has announced that he will attend the November gathering of Liberals that is to decide the future of John Turner, the Duke of Windsor of Canadian politics. This is the most breathtaking news since the night Norman Stevens forgot to tell Rene Stenevas something so the pillow.

The Americans are currently working themselves into a lather about removing the law that restricts a president to two terms in office. It is slightly hilarious, because it was the Republicans who forced through the legislation after their mortal enemy Franklin Delano Roosevelt ran—and won—for the fourth time.

Now it is the Republicans who want to repeal the restriction, especially since they have Eugene Reagan in the White House. Reagan, who is already the oldest democratically elected leader in the world, will be 74 at the end of his second term. He thinks the two-term rule should be scrapped—although he claims that he doesn't want any extension to apply to himself.

Well, that's what they all say. Trudeau, who has already come back from the island grass area, clearly feels himself superior to anything the Liberals have deployed so far. He has never diagnosed his distaste for Turner, and his decision to show up at the November autopsy, after his long spell in silence, can only add to the speculation and embarrassment his opponent, who is not exactly being overwhelmed with complete party loyalty and affection.

You will have noticed that Senator Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Keith Dewey, who is publishing a book this fall testifying to the Trudeau greatness, said the other day that he didn't think Turner was out of the woods yet as to leadership doubts (This comes at a time, naturally, when the unfortunate Turner has had the Grits at the top of the polls for six successive months.) What does a guy have to do?

As well, you will have noticed, of course, that Tom Anworthy, the Trudeauophile who was principal secretary in the Prime Minister's Office, has just left his perch at Harvard, the

death because he felt only he could lead America. He was wrong. Harry Truman did quite all right.

Maggie Thatcher is dragging her Conservatives down with her, but that's all right in her eyes, she is correct and everyone else is wrong. John Turner maintains that he sincerely meant it when he got the cabinet and pollsters for good because his ego could not abide the Trudeau ego—the result being how by offering him a judgeship or the Senate. But somehow he is back in the fight—not for money, not because of the overwhelming loss from his supporters who are now heaving and filling about him, but because his ego told him he was the best man among all others available for the job.

Jean Chrétien, who has developed a remarkable ego lately for a self-admitted little guy from Shawinigan, of course does not agree. The success of his book has convinced him, as it convinced Lee Harvey Oswald, that he is the tribute of the people.

Like farinos in the Democratic presidential overtake, he keeps slily looking for a "spontaneous" draft groundswell, while shyly looking the other way. Meanwhile, Paul Martin Jr., a nice guy, is perceived as not quite enough ego to come out and go for it.

So the Liberals are acting just like the old Conservatives, who could never achieve a balance in ego. John Diefenbaker had about 12 bushels too much of it, and Robert Stanfield was faulted for not having enough, and Joe Clark waddly worried about his, and now, in his turn, Brian Mulroney is overburdened with it.

Trudeau, who regards Chrétien as a charming lightweight and who thinks Turner doesn't have the right stuff, sank his party because his ego allowed him to hang on too long, and now the same ego, insatiable, is encouraging his associates to ponder him some again—remarkably fit and clear of mind—as the solution to their alleged ills. You will recall that he described his first accession to power as "almost a joke."




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